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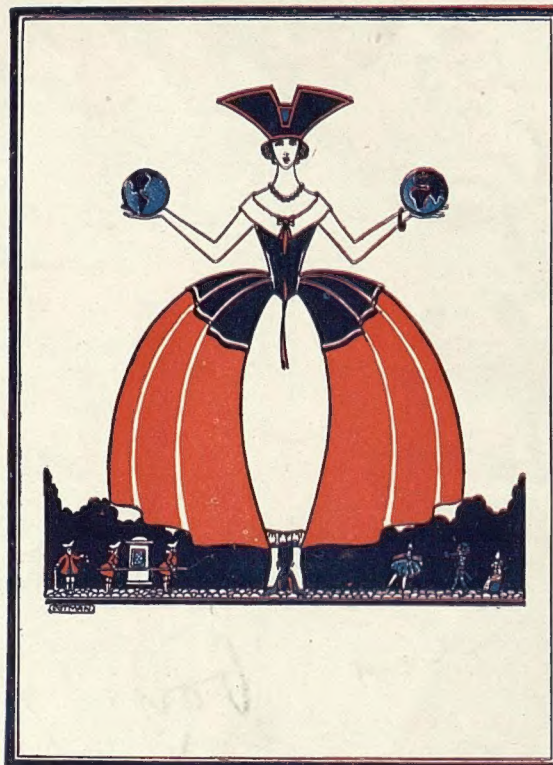
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We here present our latest Prize Competition, as fascinating as our last. All you have to do is to write your number of the order of merit of each of the above designs—the best twelve received in our competition for a poster design for “The Sketch”—in the space provided after No. under each. Fill in the signature form on page 3 of Cover, tear off the whole Cover, and post it to us (normal postage, 2d.) Address: £1000 “Sketch” Competition, “The Sketch,” 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. Remember, we accept no responsibility for entries lost in the post; nor will we accept proof of postage as proof of receipt. The Selection Committee have already decided the order of merit, basing their choice upon the following points: adequate representation of the qualities of “The Sketch”; originality of idea; boldness of presentation; and artistic skill. We have published each design as sent in by the artist, but the absence of the word “SKETCH” in any design, or any slight inaccuracies in drawing or wording, were not taken into consideration in judging the order of merit, as they would be, of course, put right if used for poster purposes. The competitor who sends a list containing the largest number of correctly placed designs—most nearly corresponding

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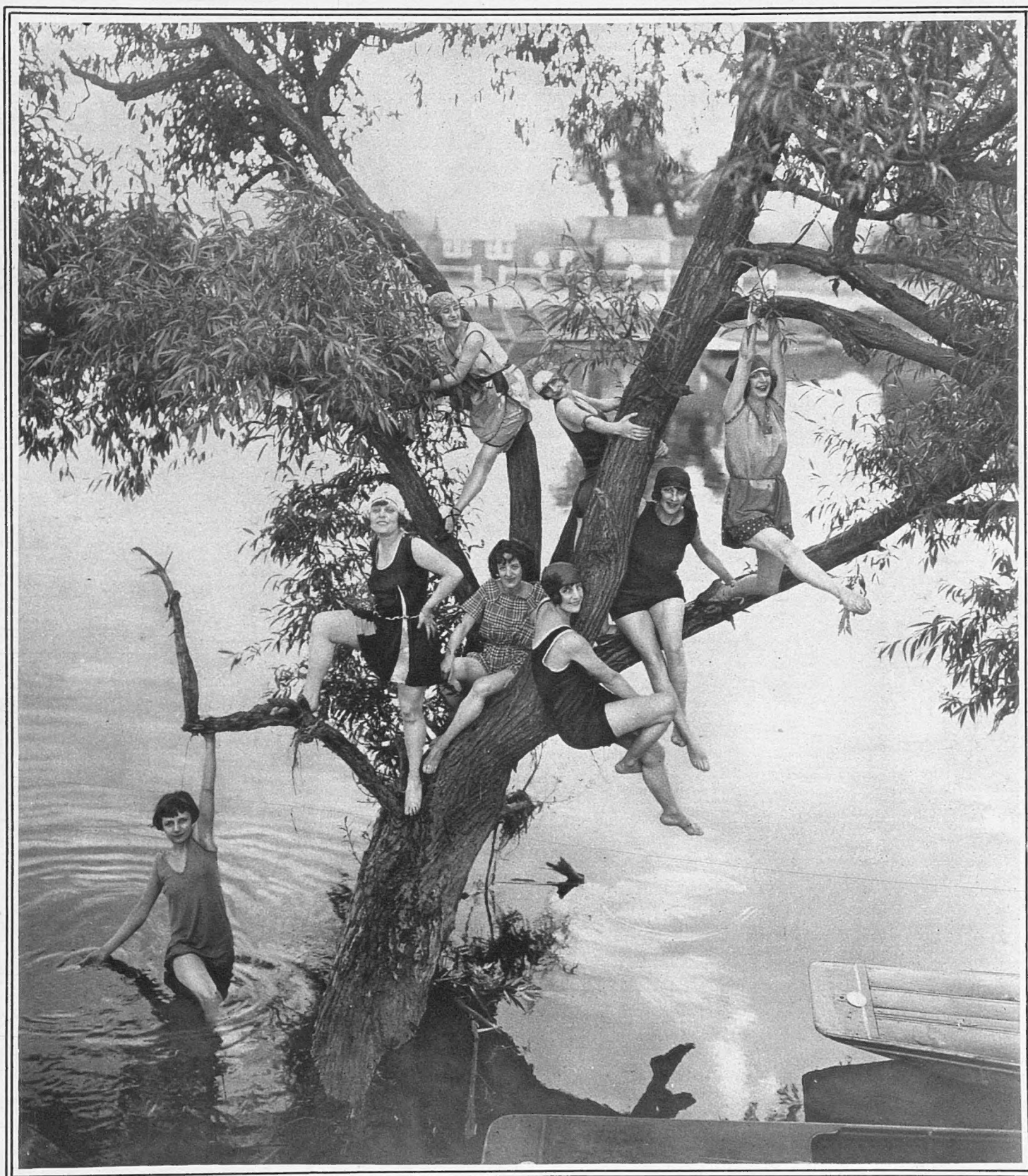
The Sketch

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1642—Vol. CXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



AN ORCHARD FOR THE KING—OF METTOPOLACHIA: THE CHORUS OF "TONI" KEEPING COOL.

This charming photograph of a picturesque tree adorned with eight enchanting Summer Girls clinging to its boughs shows how the beauty chorus of "Toni," the successful musical comedy at the Shaftesbury, manage to keep cool on hot summer days on the river. "Toni" is

set in the mythical kingdom of Mettopolachia, and deals entertainingly with the political difficulties of the Princess who rules that country—the said Princess being June, while the name-part of "Toni" is taken by Mr. Jack Buchanan.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT THE WASP.

A GENTLEMAN living in Hertfordshire has, quite rightly, written to his daily paper to report the appearance of the first wasp.

I say that the gentleman acted quite rightly in forwarding this report. He did more—he proved himself a patriot, for many people had made up their minds that the wasp was extinct. Their argument was that no wild insect depending on warmth for its very existence could possibly have withstood the rigours and the prolonged duration of the last winter. Acting on this foolish and premature belief, they had thrown away all the cures for wasp-stings that had been treasured for years by their ancestors, such as dock-leaves and blue-bags.

There will now be a very great demand for blue-bags, and anyone who has taken the precaution to make a corner in blue-bags will reap the reward of his foresight.

Some may contend that one wasp is as insignificant as one swallow. This optimism, however, will lead to disaster. For, whilst one swallow cannot make a summer—and countless swallows have perished untimely in their unaided attempts to make a summer—one wasp carries within its personality swift conviction that summer has indeed arrived. You can prove this for yourself. Engage in conversation any ordinary man who has just been stung by a wasp and assure him, amicably but firmly, that summer is still a long way off. I think his reply will convince you that one small wasp, entirely separated from the other members of its family, can make an excellent summer.

Having accepted, therefore, however unwillingly, the fact that the wasp is not extinct, let us try to learn a little more about the formation and habits of this inspiring insect.

"Wasp" is a name applied to two divisions of the Hymenoptera—the Diploptera, or true wasps, and the Fossores, or fossorial solitary wasps.

In both groups, it is well to bear in mind, the body is less hairy than that of the bee. Thick clumps of hair are not considered good form in the wasp world, and both the Diploptera and the Fossores have considerable contempt for the more homely and far less

dressy bee. Even when a wasp *does* affect a little hair, you will find that it is not of the plumose variety. "Nothing feathery about me!" is the boast of every well-bred young wasp when it leaves the shelter of the nest and takes wing in search of soft and juicy stockbrokers.

It is not generally known, I believe, that wasps are great walkers. When human beings see a wasp walking, they say, "Oh, look at that wasp! It must have been in the jam!"

Not at all. The wasp was intended by Nature to walk, whereas the bee was not. In proof of this statement you will find, if you examine a wasp very closely, that the tarsus of the hind leg is formed exclusively for walking, whereas, in the bee, the tarsus is much modified, if not wholly negligible.

Why is this? The answer is surely very

The tarsus is also used by the wasp for window-climbing. You must often have noticed a wasp trying to climb a window-pane, and wondered why so intelligent an insect should waste its time in that manner. It never gets to the top of the pane, does it? Oh, dear, no. Halfway, perhaps, and then falls down with a buzzing sound, only to repeat the performance.

The explanation is quite simple. The wasp has no desire to reach the top of the pane. It is merely exercising and developing its tarsus. Nothing is quite so difficult to walk up as a pane of perpendicular glass, and all the best household wasps who wish to keep themselves fit for the fruit harvest put in a couple of hours a day window-climbing.

I suppose you think that wasps get married almost as soon as they can walk or fly. This is a very great mistake. The

month for marrying in the wasp world is not May, but August. Immediately after the marriage, the male partner dies from joy. This is considered the correct thing among wasps. Should he not die a gentlemanly death from joy, the female wasp, led by his bride, set upon the cad and put him to death for lack of gallantry.

The widow wasp now seeks a shelter for the coming winter. She does not mourn her husband at all, her thoughts being entirely occupied with the family that will be born in the spring. The main thing is to find a very warm nest, and a curious point is that, unlike humans, no wasp will ever inhabit a nest that has been used by

other wasps. There are millions and millions of perfectly good wasp-nests all over the place that will never again be occupied. Here we have a sobering thought, I think. We should do well to ponder on the *apparent* luxuriousness and extravagance of the wasp.

A wasp, bear in mind, will not sting unless it is provoked. Even if you provoke it unintentionally—as, for example, by sitting on it—a wasp will think twice before stinging you. Having thought twice, however, it will get to business.

There are other species of the wasp tribe whose habits teem with interest, such as the Sphex and the Pompilidae. The latter live wholly on poisonous spiders, so you ought to be—I say you *ought* to be—immune.



BEN ALI HAGGIN IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY: CHOOSING THE GIRLS FOR THE TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT THE NEW EMPIRE VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

The Empire has now reverted to the original form of entertainment with which it provided Londoners for so many years, and opened with a new variety entertainment on Monday last, July 14th. One of the features of the show is the series of *tableaux vivants* arranged by Ben Ali Haggin, the well-known American artist whose productions for the Ziegfeld Follies in New York are so well known. Our snapshot shows Ben Ali Haggin at the difficult task of selecting the beauties to appear in these living pictures.

Photograph by G.P.U.

simple. The bee occupies itself in flying from flower to flower, collecting honey to bear back to the hive. Not so the wasp. The wasp is not quite such a fool as the bee. The wasp prefers to consume its honey as it goes, and regards any great collection of honey as mere hoarding. Wherefore the wasp steals food already garnered by such industrious people as Sir Lipton and Lord Pink. Instead of flying from flower to flower, it walks from the jam to the marmalade, and from the marmalade to the honey. I have observed wasps, at the end of a long day's work, with the tarsus of the hind leg abnormally developed—in other words, swollen. When this happens to the wasp it usually takes a long rest, but is still capable of attack or self-defence.

Dog Studies and Dog Verses: No. II.



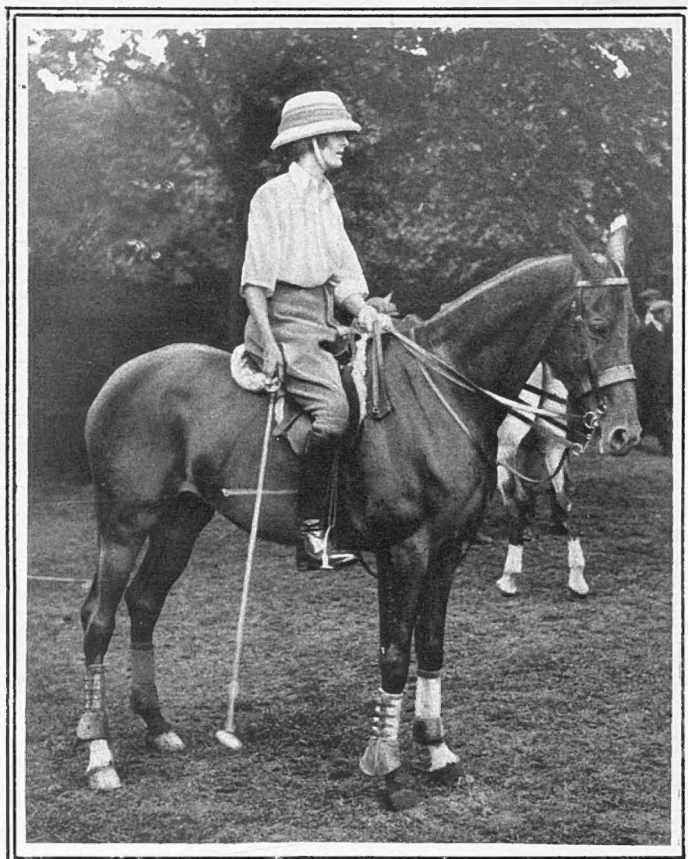
RISING TO THE OCCASION

[Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.]

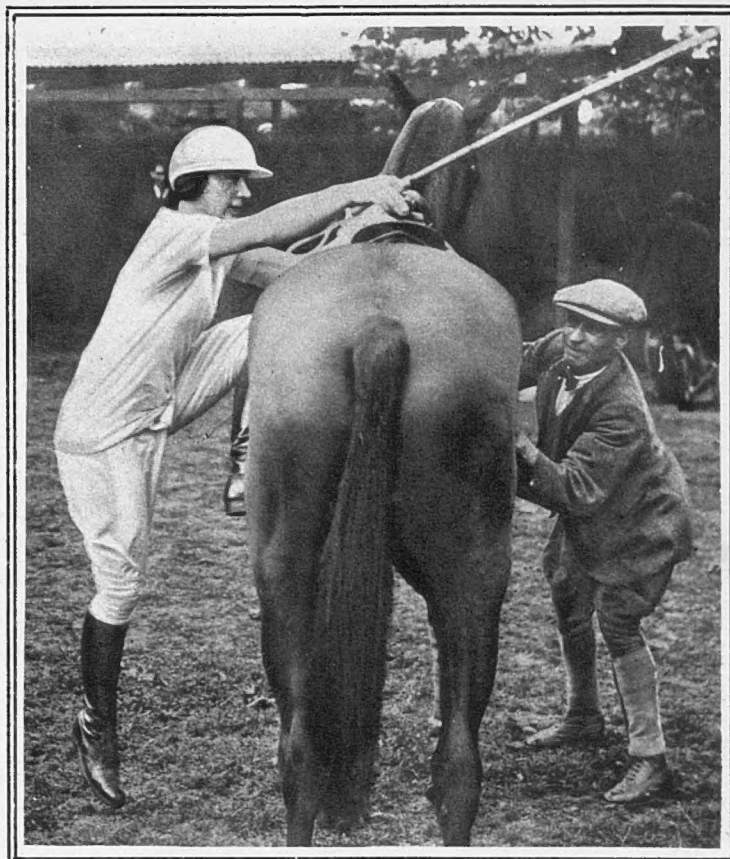
SAY, if you like, I look absurd
 As, at my gentle lady's word,
 Thus round her room I slowly pace
 With careless and unstudied grace.
 "Ridiculous!" What do I care,
 So it delights my mistress fair.
 I'd have you know, my scoffing friend,
 My dignity does not depend
 Whether on four legs or on two
 I walk. Is it the same with you?
 Let's make the test. Come, if you please,
 Get down upon your hands and knees,
 And then we very soon can see
 If *you* preserve your dignity.

JOE WALKER.

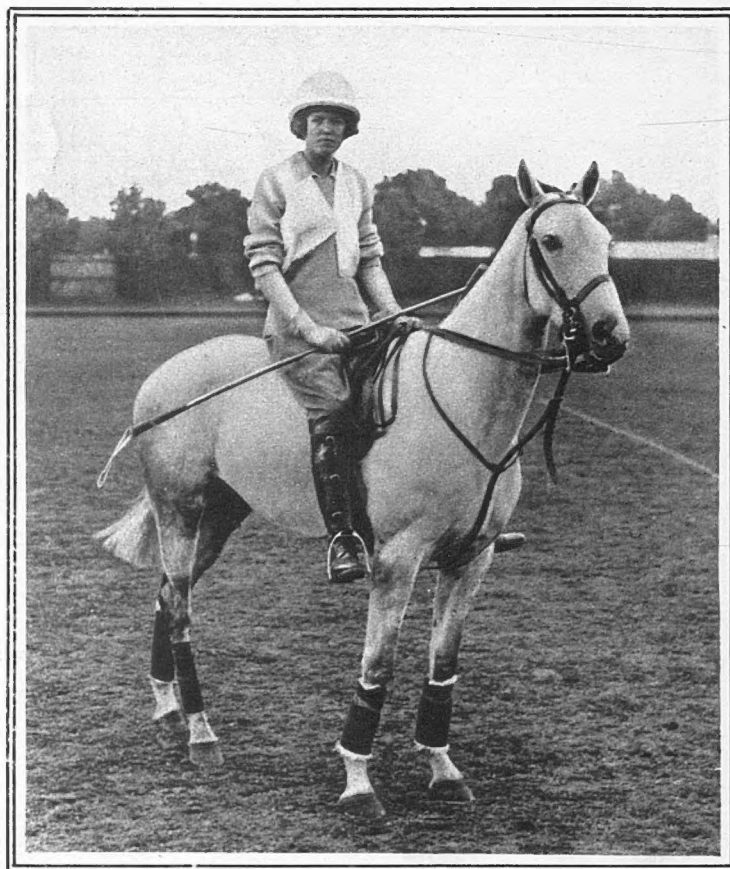
Players in the First Feminine Polo Match at Hurlingham.



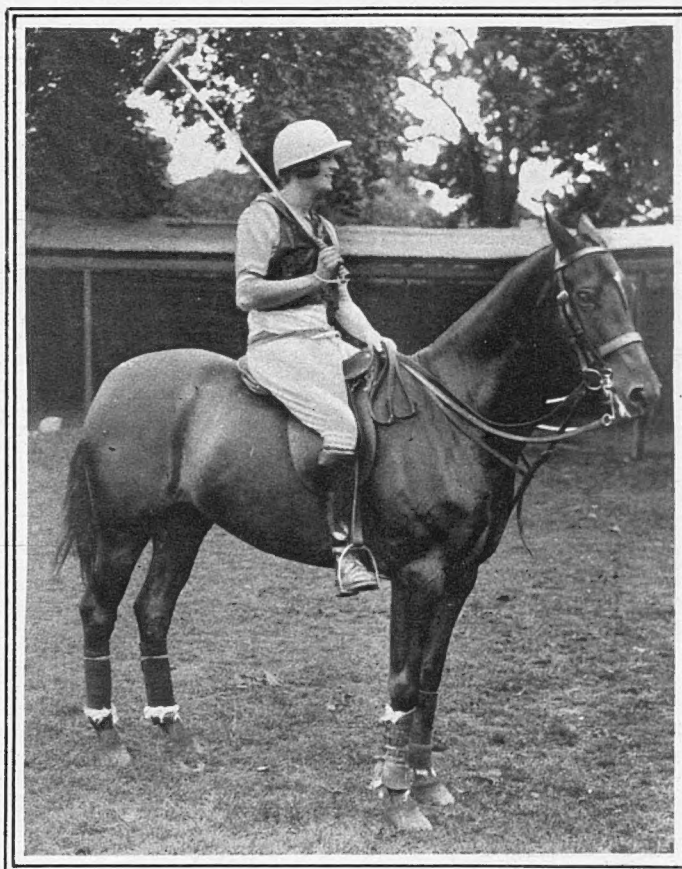
THE NO. 2 FOR HURLINGHAM: MRS. N. W. LEAF.



THE MELTON MOWBRAY BACK CHANGING PONIES: MISS LEXIE WILSON.



THE NO. 1 FOR HURLINGHAM: MRS. SCOTT-ROBSON.



THE NO. 2 FOR MELTON MOWBRAY: MISS BETTY CRAWFURD.

The first feminine polo match ever held at Hurlingham took place recently and was the match between Melton Mowbray and Hurlingham. The former team consisted of Miss M. Sheriffe (No. 1), Miss B. Crawford (No. 2), Miss S. Crawford (No. 3), and Miss Lexie Wilson (back), and defeated the Hurlingham side of Mrs. Scott-Robson (No. 1), Mrs. N. W. Leaf (No. 2), Lady Warrender (No. 3), and Mrs. B. Glover (back), by four goals to one. Miss Lexie Wilson scored three

of the four goals, while Lady Warrender was responsible for the only goal made by Hurlingham. Although all the members of the two teams are good horsewomen, the match was hardly a serious exposition of the game of polo; but, then, the ladies suffered under a double handicap—first that of their sex, and secondly of their youth, for their average age was something in the early twenties, and men do not expect to excel at polo till they reach the middle forties!

Photographs by Alfieri and S. and G.

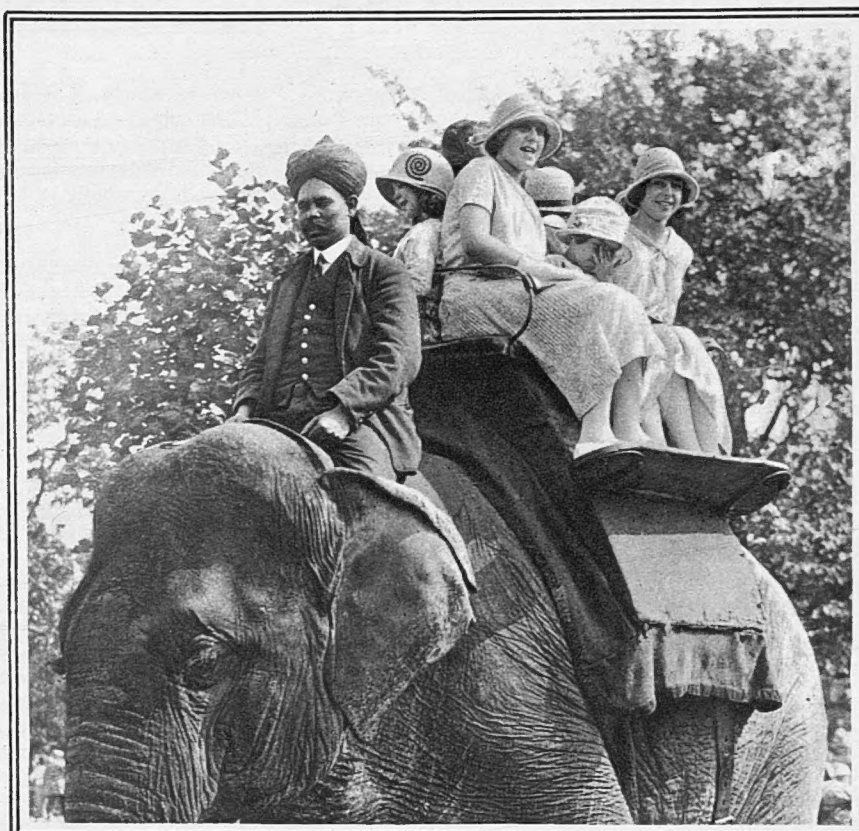
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Weddings, an Engagement, and Royalty at the "Zoo."



A STAGE FAVOURITE ENGAGED TO A GUARDSMAN: MISS MARJORIE SPIERS, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. AUBREY R. HILLMAN.



THE SPANISH PRINCESSES AT THE ZOO: QUEEN EUGENIE'S DAUGHTERS RIDING ON THE ELEPHANT.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. JAMES'S, SPANISH PLACE: CAPTAIN J. DE PRET, M.C., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS BETTY GARLAND.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Marjorie Spiers, the popular stage favourite now appearing in "The Punch Bowl," to Mr. Aubrey R. Hillman, Scots Guards, second son of the late Mr. Bernard Hillman, and of Mrs. Middleton Powell.—The daughters of the King and Queen of Spain, the Infantas Beatrice and Marie Cristina, accompanied their mother on her visit to this country.—The marriage of Captain J. de



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF ULSTER KING-OF-ARMS: MISS GWENDOLEN E. M. WILKINSON.

Pret, M.C., 12th Lancers (eldest son of the late Count de Pret-Roose de Calesberg), and Miss Betty Garland, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Garland, of Moreton Merrell, Warwick, was celebrated last week.—Miss Gwendolen Wilkinson is the elder daughter of Major Sir Neville Wilkinson, K.C.V.O., etc., Ulster King-of-Arms, and Knight Attendant of the Order of St. Patrick, and of Lady Beatrice Wilkinson.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.



LAST week a stern moralist attacked me on the subject of the season. "What a waste of time the last two months have been, and with what prodigality you have spent your youthful energies on social pleasures," was the burden of his song. But, like most serious-minded people, he was misguided, for just think how we have all improved our minds and garnered knowledge

quite enough to make one want to see the handsome and picturesque ruler of the land to which it belongs?

But to return from Abyssinia to London, we all had an active week-end with dances on Eton and Harrow night, and all the thrills of Lord's on Friday and Saturday. Elderly gentlemen renewed their youth with the vigour with which they always accomplish the miracle each year on this occasion, and everyone lived life to the full during the thrilling affair.

The many Eton and Harrow night parties did not include one given by Lady Curzon of Kedleston this year, as she did not return from the country until the Sunday evening. Lady Mary Morrison was one of the hostesses who gave dances for young people on the first evening of the match, and her party at her Halkyn Street house was a great success; while the Eton and Harrow Ball at Hurlingham was one of the jolliest and smartest festivities of the season.

Wednesday was one of the busiest evenings of last week, with the Albert Hall ball, Mrs. Tennant's dance, and other festivities. Fancy-dress gatherings on a large scale make one want to philosophise on the advantages of being able to emphasise what we fancy to be our most characteristic charm—and the poor use most of us make of such chances! In everyday life one's best points are often slurred over by environment. You may have a peculiar feature of some sort which, in ordinary dress, merely looks ugly; but if you choose the right period costume there is every chance of someone saying, "But you look exactly like a Bourbon, or a Stuart"; and that is your chance of announcing coyly, "Oh, I dare say; but then, you see, my great-great-grandmother was the illegitimate daughter of the Duke, or the King of —," a boast which goes well even in these democratic days.

Then, if you have the rather annoying reputation of being dignified, what a chance to go as a ballet-girl, and prove that you can really be as gay as anyone when you like. A Victorian dress can, in contrast, prove that you possess an "old-world charm" if you are generally considered to be darily modern; and a Spanish shawl will help to indicate passion. Of course, we all know that *really* we have passionate natures, but it is not invariably obvious—as in the case of the dear Duchess of "Our Betters"—and fancy-dress festivities give us the chance of showing how passionate we can look—if we try.

But to particularise; the Heart of Empire Ball was a huge success, and the Empire Pageant procession was one of the best ever done at the Albert Hall. Perhaps the most admired dresses were those worn by the followers of Lady Curzon, who represented England. Her retinue included Mrs. Dudley Coats and Lady Blandford, who looked charming in their pink Botticelli dresses with pink wimples and roses white and red.

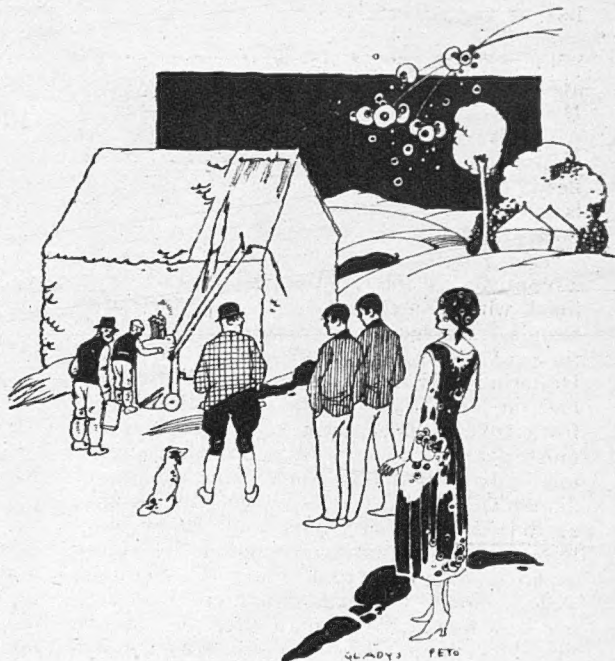
Now lovely the Queen of Spain is! She looked specially beautiful in her gold dress with glittering fringes, and any amount of diamonds. The Duchess of York in a frock of pink and silver, and with a diamond bandeau, sat on her right; and the Duke of

York and Lady Carisbrooke were also in the Royal Box.

The Duke of Marlborough was one of those I saw on the dance floor, talking to Mrs. Brinton at one time; and Lord Dufferin intrigued his friends splendidly in a disguise with a bearded mask and a smock. Other dancers I noticed were the Duchess of Westminster, all flounced in white tulle; Lady Crosfield; and Lady Wilton, in a white beaded dress.

There were several big dinners at the Ritz before the ball, Lady Cunard's being perhaps the most imposing. She was in white with a pink feather fan, and among her guests were Lady Maureen Stanley, Lady Massereene, and Lady Dufferin—all in their fancy dresses. At another big dinner in the restaurant were Lord and Lady Gainford, the latter in soft red and gold; and Mr. and Mrs. Post Wheeler, with their hostess of the moment, Mrs. Harry Brown, whose dance at Norfolk House was such an important event of the end of the week.

Quite an informal little dinner party for about twenty friends was given by the Duke and Duchess of York at Chesterfield House, before the Heart of Empire Ball. The table in the dining-room was lit by candle-lights in softly glowing golden shades. Most of the Duchess's friends wore ordinary evening dress, but one or two taking part



2. Adrian and Peter are members of the Gilded Green Thatch Craft Guild—they are travelling about the country seeking for work as thatchers, and collecting material for their novels of country life. Most of the farmers, however, use the new thatching-machine and have no use for their services.

in the Pageant were in their fancy costumes. Lady Dalkeith looked very lovely in her crinoline of pink silk and many frills, and



1. Utterly fed up with her friends the Kirtle-Crafts and their strange diet of leaves and water, Angela decided to throw in her lot with her new friends, Adrian and Peter, and to disappear with them in their caravan. They are also very intellectual people. All their talk of "free woman and equal" sounds very fine, but Angela does wish that the free woman hadn't always to walk up *all* the hills. One sees the caravan in the far distance.

this season! What with meeting potentates from foreign lands, distinguished Dominion folk, and Americans from remote States with queer names, and making repeated visits to Wembley, we have lived in an atmosphere of geography lessons. This week our "subject" has naturally been Abyssinia, for Ras Tafari Makonnen is our most romantic Royal visitor of the year.

The legends of Abyssinia are wonderful. Do you, for instance, know that Makeda, Queen of Sheba, the direct ancestress of Ras Tafari, was born with one goat foot, and that she was cured of this strange deformity by reason of King Solomon's curiosity? That great Jewish monarch, being a subtle man, and determined to see the famous goat foot, arranged to flood the Court of the Temple, where he received her, so that she should be compelled to lift her flowing draperies. Now in the Temple Court lay a wonder-working piece of wood brought by the Rukh bird from "below Paradise" (wherever that may be), and when Makeda stepped on it her foot became an ordinary human one. The legend goes on to say that the sacred wood was decorated with thirty silver collars which were given to Judas when he sold our Lord, and that the Cross was fashioned from the timber. Isn't that a wonderful legend, and

carried the knot of tartan ribbon which was necessary to her position in the Pageant, representing Scotland. Mrs. Dudley Coats and Lady Kathleen Rollo (one of the most attractive of the "young marrieds") in a wonderful red velvet redingote, which she wore as an attendant on Britannia at the dance later, were other guests. Prince Obolensky, escorted his fiancée, Miss Alice Astor, who wore a draped dance frock of red georgette. Lord and Lady Plunket, the latter in striking gold tissue, with long wing draperies bordered

one for a party, and needs but few flowers to enhance the charm of its walls of gold over aluminium. On the night of the dance there were only scarlet malmaisons and a few white lilies for decorations—a scheme which went well with the green curtains and Italian paintings let into the walls. Talking of paintings reminds me that the fine family portraits which were saved from the fire at Antrim Castle now hang on the dead black walls of the morning-room; and some old glass and red lacquer are also to be seen.

A friend in Paris writes to me in ecstasies on the subject of the Most Popular Young Man in the World. "On all sides," she says, "one heard nothing but praise of his smile, his boyish manner, and his charm, whether it was at the Embassy, where Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors agreed that he was *un charmant garçon*, at polo or in the street, where women of the people gazed affectionately and cried '*Quel amour*'."

"How hard the Royalties worked, and what an amount they put into a crowded day. The Princes were both up and out playing polo at nine a.m., at Bagatelle, after the big Embassy reception, and attended every kind of official function and ceremony during the course of that day; and one feels that when H.R.H. left the Embassy and became the Earl of Chester, he indeed deserved his rest from royal duties!"

"He rode in the Bois, played golf and polo, and lunched and dined with his friends like any ordinary young man. As luck would have it, the sky was overcast on the first night he dined at the Château de Madrid in the Bois, with Mr. and Mrs. Bate, General Trotter, and some friends, so the crowd went elsewhere, and the Most Popular Young Man in the World was able to dance freely and amuse himself, as do the more obscure. Afterwards he went each evening to dance *chez* Seymour, a haunt made fashionable a short time ago by the Dolly Sisters, which was in their absence almost deserted. Here the Prince danced to a perfect orchestra in absolute quiet, while the curious crowd hurried from one more popular resort to the other, seeking him always, but never finding. The proud proprietor, with superhuman self-control, kept silence about the presence of the Royal visitor—until he had left Paris; and now all the crowd flock to where he was last week!"

But to return to London. The second Royal Garden Party did not seem quite such a crowded affair as past ones, and the King and Queen were not followed about by quite so great a mass of people during their promenade through the grounds. There was a considerable amount of wind, and I noticed that the King made haste to button the single fastening of his frock-coat almost directly he appeared.

The Queen's dress was of a lovely shade of hydrangea-blue, made with a cunningly arranged trimming of beads and silver on the skirt, which suggested a tunic. Her Majesty's jewels were pearls for the main part, a huge round brooch of diamonds at the throat having a big pearl for its centre, and the same design appearing as earrings.

The King, as usual, was wearing a white flower, and his double-breasted waistcoat was of dark slate-grey, while as a tie-pin his Majesty wore a moonstone surrounded by small diamonds.

The Queen of Spain—one of the most decorative of Royalties—was the most interesting personage present, after the King and Queen, and looked very well in pale-grey, with silk fringe falling almost from the waist. A grey cloak, collared with natural fitch, finished her costume, and her swathed toque of silver tissue had a couple of clipped grey feathers dropping over her right ear. The young Spanish Princesses looked charming; they are much of a height now, and wear their fair hair cut short—bobbed, not shingled. They each carried a gold mesh bag, and had similar strings of small pearls with fancy pendants.

Lady Juliet Trevor was one of the first to be greeted by the King. She was wearing one of those terribly popular black dresses which are embroidered all over in a design of white silk flowers. (Mme. Merry del Val has one, and so have Lady Crossfield and Mrs. Maguire). And another to whom his Majesty chatted was Cora Lady Strafford, of whom he made inquiries regarding her niece, Lady Cavan; and he also shook hands with Lady Glentanar, who was standing by.

One of the most important entertainments of the week was that at the Spanish Embassy in honour of the Queen of Spain. Although the gathering was nothing in the nature of a formal ball, after the dinner it was not surprising to find the ball-room cleared and a band playing dance tunes, for the Queen is known to be fond of dancing. As so often happens nowadays, there were rather more women than men present, but the Spanish Ambassador is a magnificent host, and he and Mme. Merry del Val saw that all went well and every guest enjoyed herself. The Queen of Spain was in pale-pink, with diamanté embroideries; Mme. Merry del Val wore a greenish shade of turquoise-blue; and Princess Andrew, who is a keen dancer, was in white. Lady Northampton was another wearer of white, and had on some magnificent family diamonds, while Lady Granard also wore some glittering jewels.—MARIEGOLD.



3. At last they obtain a job. Adrian and Peter sign their name at the corner of all the ricks they thatch; but Angela cannot believe they are good thatchers. Also Angela unhappily fell off a rick. She is not enjoying the tour at all.

with orange silk hanging over her arms; and Sir Philip Sassoon were among the guests; and the Duchess of York's brother, with other friends, made up the party which afterwards occupied the Prince of Wales's box at the Albert Hall.

Lady Massereene's dance was quite a big affair, and the presence of the Duke and Duchess of York, who were at the dinner which preceded it, lent glamour to the festivity. The Duchess looked sweet in flesh-pink, embroidered with beads, but, as is her invariable custom, left with the Duke before midnight.

The hostess's tall figure was seen to advantage in silver with a fish-tail train lined with flame, and she wore many diamonds. Another wearer of silver—but this time of silver lace, not tissue—was Lady Dufferin; and the Duchess of Westminster had on her multi-coloured embroidered gold frock. White and pink seemed to be the most popular colours worn by the guests: for Lady Cunard, with her Cartier tiara of diamonds and emeralds, wore the former, as did Lady Zia Wernher and Lady Bingham; while pink was chosen by Lady Maureen Stanley and Lady Ribblesdale, whose newly engaged daughter was with her. A noticeable woman present was the new Mrs. John Cecil—formerly Miss Vanderbilt. Like most members of her family, she is very tall and dark, with a beautiful long neck. Her dress of blue brocade, with its low-cut bodice and bunches of variegated tulle, was very striking. Mrs. Corrigan was another wearer of a notable frock, for hers was a kind of crinoline affair of blue taffetas. Princess Arthur of Connaught was in gold, and Lady Patricia Ramsay wore her favourite tone of dull yellow charmeuse.

Lady Massereene's house is a very decorative



4. But the culminating horror occurred on the evening when Adrian and Peter collected two young women from the village (in order to get some local colour), and left Angela with all the washing up to do. She is leaving them almost immediately.

The Lawn-Tennis Tournament Season: At Felixstowe.



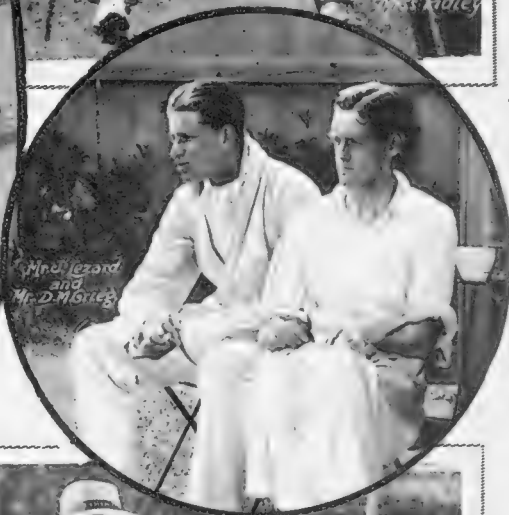
Messrs. Dicks, Grieg & Izard & the Misses Ridley & Letts.



The Misses C. & E. Beckenham.



The Misses M. & I. Folingsby.



Mrs. Izard
and
Mr. D. M. Grieg.



Miss R. Tubbs, Mrs. R. Tubbs, Miss V. Tubbs and Miss Withington.



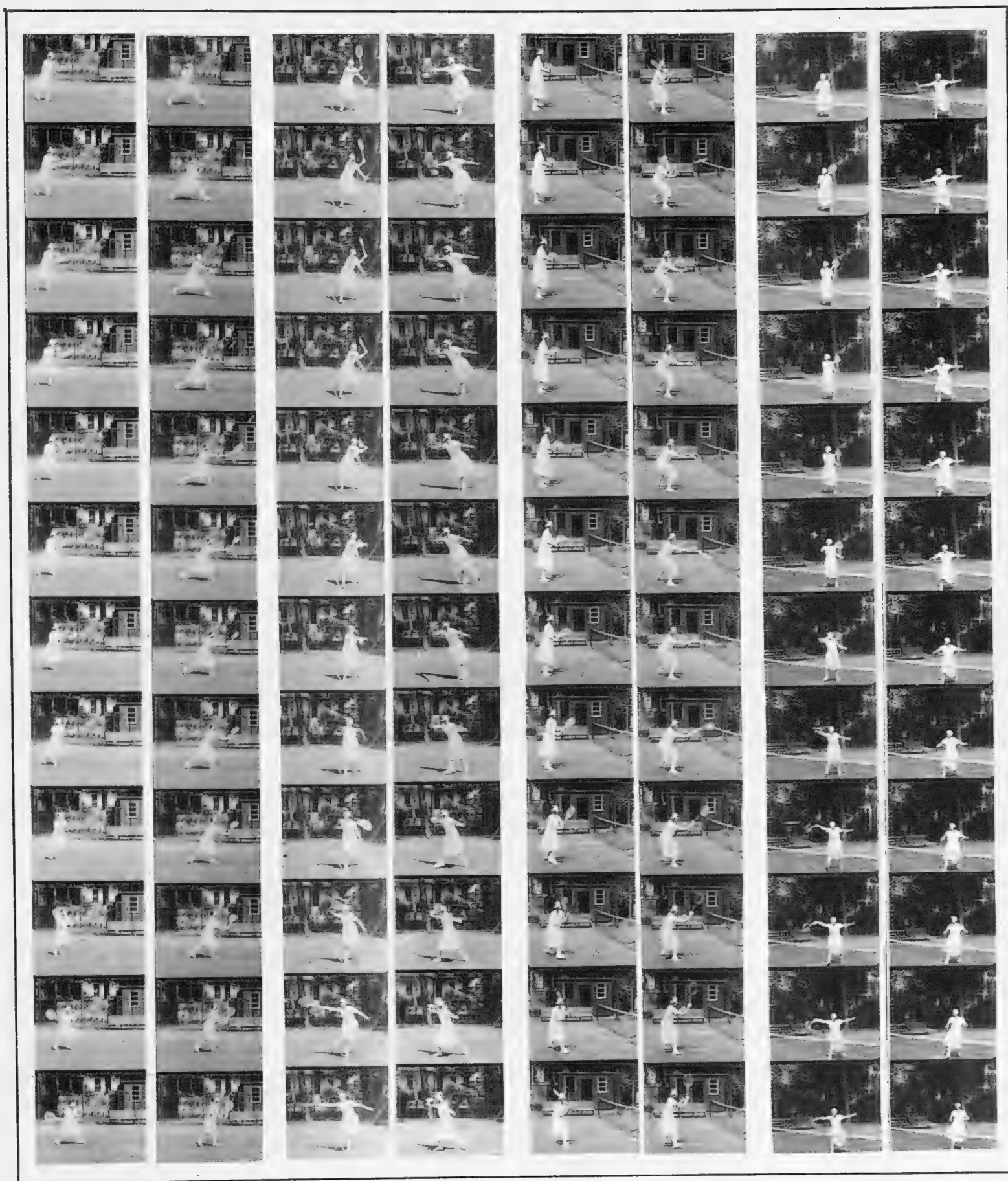
Mr. J. Orford & Miss Marjorie Tomkins.

PLAYED IN GLORIOUS WEATHER: THE EAST OF ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The season of lawn-tennis tournaments at well-known seaside resorts is now in full swing, and the East of England Lawn-Tennis Championships, held at Felixstowe, attracted a big entry, and were played in the delightful weather of last week. Our page shows some of the competitors resting between their sets, and illustrates the fact that the scarf fashion is

favoured by lawn-tennis players; while at least one expert, Miss Marjorie Tomkins, is so wedded to the camellia shoulder adornment of the moment that she plays tennis with a white blossom at the neck of her simply cut sports frock—a very attractive concession to Dame Fashion on the part of an athlete.—[Photographs by Alferi.]

Miss McKane "Slow-Motioned" at Lawn-Tennis.



THE HALF-VOLLEY.

THE BACKHAND DRIVE.

VOLLEYING AT THE NET.

A BACKHAND VOLLEY.

All lawn-tennis enthusiasts will be glad of the chance of studying this page, as our photographs show "cuttings" from the slow-motion film of Miss K. McKane, the new champion, in play, and furnish an admirable lesson in how to play the Half-Volley—a very difficult shot; the Backhand Drive; a Volley at the Net; and a Backhand Volley. The picture, which was

taken by the Gaumont Company, was released on Monday, but "Sketch" readers will be glad of an opportunity of studying the method of Miss McKane's play in even greater detail than is possible when the stroke is shown on the screen. Miss McKane gains additional importance since Mlle. Lenglen has retired from the Olympic lawn-tennis.

Nearing Its Century: The Eton and Harrow Match.



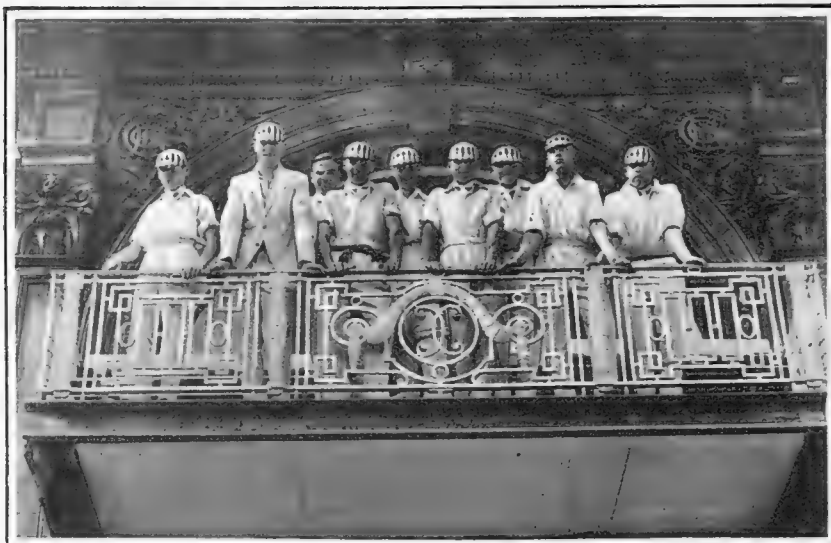
THE ETON CAPTAIN:
MR. D. M. BATESON.



THE HARROW CAPTAIN: MR. K. E.
CRAWLEY



LORD'S AS A DRESS PARADE: LACE GOWNS AND THE POPULAR
BLACK-AND-WHITE LEAF-EMBROIDERED MODEL.



ON THE BALCONY: SOME OF THE HARROW ELEVEN.



THE FIRST PAIR IN: MESSRS. H. B. HUNLOKE AND L. R.
PERCIVAL GOING OUT TO BAT FOR ETON.



THE COACH STILL POPULAR AS A GRAND STAND: A GROUP OF SPECTATORS
AT LORD'S.

The ninety-fifth match between Eton and Harrow—that includes the match of 1805, but not the one-day matches played during the war—drew all Society to Lord's last week, and, as usual, the excitement of the match between the two most famous schools rose to a high pitch. The play was begun in perfect weather, and the gathering, as is always

the case, consisted of many smart women in their loveliest summery gowns; of old Etonians and Harrovians—as keen for the honour of their school as they were two, three and four decades ago; and young sisters of present members of the famous schools, as well as hordes of excited schoolboys, all revelling in the thrills of the great day.

The Lawn-Tennis Stars Gather at Sussex Lodge.



King Manoel & Queen Augusta

Greet
Mr. Whittingham
Suzanne
Lenglen



The donor
£50,000
towards
the purchase
price of Kenwood
Mr. Whittingham.



With her daughters, the Ladies Anne and Joan Hope:
the Marchioness of
Linlithgow.



Mrs. Percy Bennett.



Talking to Lady Wavertree: Suzanne—on her Umpire's perch.



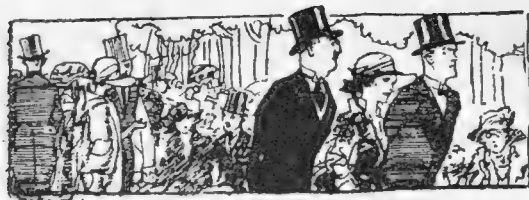
The new Champion:
M. Borotra,
who defeated M. Lacoste
in the Mens Singles.

CHAMPIONS AND SOCIAL CELEBRITIES: SOME OF LADY WAVERTREE'S GUESTS.

Lady Wavertree's usual after-Wimbledon lawn-tennis exhibition match party in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association was as successful as usual this year; and in spite of the strenuous fortnight behind them, none of the lawn-tennis stars seemed tired, and many distinguished people assembled to see the play. Mrs. Percy Bennett is the wife of

Mr. Percy Bennett, C.M.G.—Mr. Whittingham, of Harrogate, was one of the generous donors whose gifts made it possible for Ken Wood to be acquired for the nation.—Lady Linlithgow is the wife of the second Marquess, and is the younger daughter of Sir Frederick Milner. Lady Anne Hope was born in 1914 and Lady Joan in 1915.

Photographs by C.N., Alfieri, and T.P.A.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

The Coat That Was Not His.

There was quiet perturbation among some of the men invited to the last Royal Garden Party. It was about the matter of garb. In these days of informality of dress there are a large number of men, not of the impoverished classes either, who have given up buying morning coats—and the frock coat hardly counts at all. And these men found themselves urged by their wives to be sure and appear in the full dress of such occasions. So I know one Knight who, having announced that the morning coat he had in stock was too dilapidated for wear and that it wasn't worth while buying a new one, told a friend of his that it would be better to give up thoughts of the garden party. But this friend, one of the best-dressed men in town, said to him: "Not at all. I am going to lend you a coat."

The two were a good deal of a sameness in respect to height, but the Knight was not so broad of build as the lender of the coat, and, as the owner of the coat was exceedingly particular in the matter of securing a satisfactory line, the Knight was compelled to have his figure padded out with paper. Still, no one commented upon his development of bulk.

Modern men appear to be prepared to undergo disciplinary sacrifice for the sake of correctness of appearance. There was a dance the other night at the Ladies' Lyceum Club. It was a Georgian ball. One young man actually shaved off a very nice moustache in order to be in keeping with his costume.

The Reason. Sir Chartres Biron, the Bow Street Magistrate, can tell a humorous story, mostly about actual happenings. One of his experiences had to do with a woman fined for being drunk and disorderly. She had not the money to pay, and pleaded for time.

"Give me a week, your Worship," she said, "and I'll bring the money."

In proof of what she said she produced some dirty-looking paper and added: "You see, it's all right, your Worship. This is my husband's will."

It did appear to be a last will and testament, but, naturally, the magistrate was puzzled.

"I can understand that this may be your husband's will," he said; "but has he just died?"

"No," answered the woman.

"Well, I don't follow you, then, when you say that these papers will make it possible for you to produce the money for the fine in a week's time. Why in a week's time?"

"Yes, Sir," answered the woman. "It's all right. You see, my husband's going to be hanged next Wednesday."

A Texas Ranger.

One of the finest-looking men among the cowboys who have just returned to America, also a man who earned the liking and respect of all the English people he met with, was Captain Tom Hickman, who commands B Company of the celebrated Texas Rangers. Captain Hickman was one of the judges in the Rodeo competitions. He was also one of the parties from the Stadium who went with Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall to have tea on the Terrace at the House of Commons. Captain Hickman is a man of quiet, simple ways, gentle in voice, a non-smoker, almost a teetotaler. But he has a record of prowess not only in horsemanship and in the handling of cattle, but in his dealings with men in circumstances of danger.

There is one story of how he and four other men held the bed of a river, run dry because the stream had been diverted, against a host of desperados who wanted to stake out claims there. Oil had been found in this river bed, and a legal decision

must ever surrender his revolver. Should any member of the force be murdered, the murderer must be brought to justice.

"Is There More Than One?"

Once the Mayor and Councillors of a small town in Texas telegraphed for aid to the headquarters of the Rangers: a serious riot had broken out in the township. An answering wire intimated that assistance would be sent by such-and-such a train. The Mayor and his Councillors were at the station to meet that train. One man got out of it. The Mayor looked about for the expected party of armed men.

"Are you from the Texas Rangers?" asked the Mayor.

"I am the Texas Rangers," said the man, displaying his button.

"But where are the others?" demanded the Mayor. "We have a bad riot here. Where are the others?"

"Are there two riots, then?" asked the Texas Ranger.

And there was sufficiency in his answer.

Horses Who Shepherd Chickens.

Mr. Tex Austin, who was received by the Prince of Wales before he left England, was one night talking horses in the Savoy. A Frenchman would not admit that a horse could be regarded as an animal of intelligence.

"A horse reveals intelligence and understanding to men who can reach that intelligence," replied Mr. Austin. "It is not a matter of force. There are men out on the plains who deal hour by hour and day by day with horses; they can do almost anything they like with them."

"I know two brothers in Arizona, men who cannot read or write, who have trained horses to shepherd chickens for them. A 'rooster' can be thrown down, and the horse, on a signal from his master, will drive that bird into the pen. The horse will do the same with any number of birds."

Those men did not train their horses to do that for trick purposes; it was just to save themselves work. I had thought of trying to persuade these brothers to come to England to take part in the Rodeo Exhibition. But the loss of time to them, the expense of taking them away from their ordinary business, would have been too big. I mention this to show what uses the horse can be put to by a master who understands horse intelligence."



"PAT" DONOGHUE (SON OF THE FAMOUS STEVE) AS JOCKEY: TALKING TO ELEANOR LADY TORRINGTON—FOR WHOM HE RODE, AND HER TRAINER, BARTHOLOMEW.

Our snapshot shows "Pat" Donoghue with Eleanor Lady Torrington, whose Nice One he rode at Salisbury, and Bartholomew, who trains for her. Like his father, the famous Steve, "Pat" is of a very small build, but well shaped.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

as to its ownership was awaited. The Texas Rangers are a body of men, fifty-four all told, who may be likened to Canada's North-West Mounted Police. I believe that the Texas Rangers are the older body. The members of this force wear no uniform—only a button to signify who they are; but this button exercises a great moral effect born of the traditional daring, straightforwardness, and high character of the men who belong to the Texas Rangers. It used to be said that, no matter what position he found himself in, no Texas Ranger



"PAT" DONOGHUE'S DÉBUT AS A JOCKEY AT SALISBURY: THE SECOND SON OF THE FAMOUS STEVE DONOGHUE, AND HIS FATHER.

Young "Pat" Donoghue, who had his first mount in the Open Selling Plate at Salisbury (Bibury Club Meeting), is the second son of the famous Steve Donoghue, and is not yet fourteen. He is apprenticed to Bartholomew, who now trains for Eleanor Lady Torrington, and rode her Nice One in the Open Selling Plate. His father, Steve, almost won on No Hurry, but Pat was unplaced. He is a very small boy, and his bodily weight is about five stone. He has just left Chafyn Grove School at Salisbury, where he proved himself a useful all-round young athlete, and was captain of the Rugby first fifteen, captain of the games, champion swimmer, and first-class in boxing. He learnt to ride as soon as he could toddle, and it was noticed in the race that he shaped remarkably well.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

PLEASE NOTE that you have only One more Week in which to send in for "The Sketch" £2000 Competition. See Pages 2 and 3 of Cover, and Page xxiv.

Rod and Line.



LADY IN CAP (after long-winded recriminations): Garn, you—you loud speaker, you!



SHE: I do think it's a shame to catch the poor little fish when they're so happy.
 HE: How do you know they're happy?
 SHE: They're wagging their tails.

DRAWN BY FIELD SMITH AND GRAHAM SIMMONS.



BESIDE THE MURMURING STREAM: MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY.



THE STEP-MOTHER OF LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN:
MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY.

The Châtelaine of Broadlands at Home.



IN THE WATER-GARDEN AT BROADLANDS, ROMSEY:
MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY AND A FAVOURED FRIEND.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley is one of the best-known women in Society, and is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, and the step-mother of Lady Louis Mountbatten. She is the daughter of the Rev. A. Spencer, of Fownhope Court, and was formerly the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill. Colonel and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley entertain a great deal at their lovely seat in Hampshire, Broadlands, Romsey, and Mrs. Ashley was one of those who took a keen interest in last week's big ball for the Russian Red Cross Fund, and appeared as a mannequin in the fashion parade which was one of the features of the dance.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS COMPTON COLLIER,
EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Watched by the Prince: Great Britain's "Come Back."



EAGERLY WATCHING US "PUT ONE OVER ON AMERICA": THE PRINCE OF WALES SEES MR. D. G. A. LOWE WIN AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.



THE FINAL HEAT IN THE 800 METRES FLAT RACE: MR. D. G. A. LOWE WINS IN 1 MIN. 52 3-10 SEC.

The Prince of Wales had the satisfaction of seeing the athletes of this country score two important victories at the Olympic Games at the Colombes Stadium. Mr. D. G. A. Lowe's victory in the 800 Metres was a fine performance in the excellent time of 1 min. 52 3-10 secs.—Although it is unlikely that Great Britain can run into anything but third place in the eighth Olympiad, Mr. Harold Abrahams, the Cambridge athlete, who won the 100 Metres Flat Race, is the outstanding figure among the competitors of all countries. His performance of having equalled the Olympic sprinting record for the 100 metres of 10 3-5 secs. in three heats is a remarkable one, and he may now claim to be the world's fastest sprinter, having defeated Scholtz, the American flyer, and Porritt, the New Zealander.

Photographs by C.N. and S. and G



MR. HAROLD M. ABRAHAMS, WINNER OF THE 100 METRES FLAT RACE.

The Thistledown Dancer who Never Fails to Charm.



SEEN WITH MAURICE AT THE EMBASSY

Miss Leonora Hughes, who was dancing at the Embassy Club last week, is not only one of the most graceful and accomplished of ball-room dancers, but is a very lovely girl. Her programme with Maurice included a fox-trot, the Wooden Soldier dance, and a very amusing comic number, "taking off" an American



LAST WEEK: MISS LEONORA HUGHES.

business man dancing with his girl; while Maurice did his skating-dance solo. Miss Leonora Hughes is shown in two lovely examples of the modern evening dress—one adorned with the long "Lancered" ostrich-feather fronds which are so popular just now, and the other a delicate young girl's gown trimmed with a trail of roses.

Maurice – Orientalised, and as Himself.



IN HIS MAKE-UP FOR Maurice, who has recently been seen at the Embassy Club, dancing with Miss Leonora Hughes, is the most famous of male ball-room dancers. Our inset photograph shows him as himself, while the large portrait is of special interest as it pictures him in an amazingly realistic make-up of a Chinese. He will appear



"FUMERIE D'OPIUM": MAURICE.

in this character in "Rue de la Paix" (the piece which Archie Selwyn is shortly to produce in New York), and is giving a remarkable dance, "Fumerie d'Opium." Maurice's many admirers will be interested to see how wonderfully he has managed to metamorphose himself into a strange yellow man.

Daughter of a Late Emperor and President of China.



THE WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE CHINESE
LEGATION: MME. HSIEH.

Mme. Hsieh is the wife of M. H. H. Hsieh, Secretary of the Chinese Legation, and is shown in our photographic study in her Chinese dress. She is the second daughter of the late President Yuan-shi-Kai, who, it will be remembered, was Emperor of China for a short

period. Mrs. Hsieh is twenty-four years old. Her husband, M. H. H. Hsieh, is the grandson of the Hon. Sih-fu-jen, who was Chinese Ambassador to the Court of St. James' from 1882 till 1886.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

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Rzewuski Dry-Point Portraits: No. VI.



C. Rzewuski 1924

A LEADER OF THE INTELLIGENTSIA: LADY CUNARD.

Lady Cunard is the wife of Sir Bache Cunard, third Baronet, of Bush Hills, Middlesex, and is American by birth, as she is the daughter of the late Mr. E. F. Burke, of New York. She is a well-known figure

in London Society, and is a leader of the artistic and intellectual smart set, known as the Intelligentsia, and a great patron of music and the arts. She has one daughter, Nancy.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY RZEWUSKI.



THE CRINOLINE HEROINE WHO SHOT A MAN: MISS NORMA TALMADGE

"Secrets," in its stage form, with Miss Fay Compton in the leading rôle, charmed London, and proved equally captivating to "film fans" when seen as a First National picture at the Palace, with Miss Norma Talmadge as Mary Carlton. It will be shown in town generally in November. The play by May Edginton and Rudolf Besier opens with a prologue in which Lady Carlton, wife of the aged Baronet, is awaiting the crisis in her husband's illness. As she sits alone, the memories of her life crowd into her

Photograph by L...



TALMADGE AS MARY CARLTON IN THE SCREEN VERSION OF "SECRETS."

mind and form the drama. The screen-story follows the play closely, and shows Mary as the Crinoline Girl, who elopes to Canada with her penniless lover, and in the "wild and woolly West" shoots a man to save her husband's life. Later the Carltons return to London, but Mary has still to fight for her man—against the intrigues of other women. Miss Norma Talmadge is delightful as Mary, and it is proof of her versatility that her next picture was "The Song of Love," in which she appears as an Arab dancer.

Lucas Kanarian.

A Duke's Heir as an Exponent of the Noble Art.



"SPARRING PARTNERS": "THE MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE AND EDWARD EGAN, ESQ., AMATEUR LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD," BY EDWARD HANDLEY-READ.

This portrait of the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, shows him with Mr. Edward Egan, the famous amateur boxer, and was exhibited in this year's spring

show of the Royal Society of British Artists, at the Suffolk Street Galleries, Pall Mall. Lord Clydesdale, who is on the left, is an enthusiastic exponent of the noble art of self-defence, and is known as "the Boxing Marquess."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWARD HANDLEY-READ, M.B.E., R.B.A. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

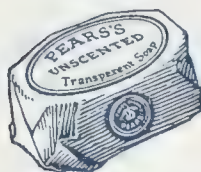
PEARS PAGEANT OF BEAUTY



WHAT IS BEAUTY?

Masses of dark hair against a fair clear skin, dark eyes and a vivacious smile, therein lies for me the magnetism of feminine beauty.

P. E. Syer



Unscented, 7d. & 4½d. per label; scented, from one shilling.

Indefinable as beauty is, Syer has caught it here, and nowhere more certainly than in the creamy warmth of the skin of this typical "English Rose."

Without colour the beauty of a woman is cold. It is the warm loveliness of perfect flesh-tints, of rose-colour ebbing and flowing in satin cheeks, of milky throat and ivory shoulder, that gives to beauty life and magnetism.

The most precious possession that a woman may have is her loveliness of skin. That loveliness Pears Soap with its transparent amber purity and fresh velvety lather is of all soaps best fitted to preserve.

PEARS FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Wax—No Longer on the Wane: The New Portraiture.



AN EXAMPLE OF MODERN WAX PORTRAITURE:
MARGARET AND TRIXIE.



ONE OF THE EXAMPLES OF MISS MUNDY'S WAX PICTURES:
DOLLY—A DELICATELY LUMINOUS PORTRAIT.



MARGARET AND SCOTTY: A WAX PORTRAIT
BY MISS ETHEL FRANCES MUNDY.

Most people possess one or two examples of the quaint wax bas-relief portraits which were so popular a couple of generations back, and many of us admire the quaint charm of these wax studies of our "great-greats," but it has been left to an artist from a young country—America—to revive this old-world art, and to use the original method and technique to produce portraits which yet express the feeling of



MRS. EDGAR MUNSON: A MODERN AMERICAN ARTIST'S WAX
MINIATURE WORK.

modern times. Miss Ethel Frances Mundy's wax portraits have great delicacy and softness, and owing to the luminous quality of the wax she uses, have a special charm of their own. She has had a great success in America, and has made portraits for some of the best-known families in the States, and her exhibition of work over here at Messrs. Arthur Ackermann's Galleries roused much interest.

FROM THE MINIATURES IN WAX BY ETHEL FRANCES MUNDY. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



THE OLD FLAME.

By A. P. HERBERT.

Author of "The Man About Town," "The House by the River," "The Secret Bottle," etc.

IV.—IN THE LIFT.

"I SUPPOSE I can trust you," said Phyllis anxiously, "with this lift, Mr. Moon?"

"A man who can be trusted with you," I answered proudly, "can be trusted with anything. Besides, the actions of a lift are calculable. 'Go,' I say, 'and it goeth.' Like the good centurion. So!" I pressed the button, and we descended.

We had been dancing at Spider's, a small and (so I am always told) select dancing club—Phyllis, Jean Renton, Mr. Gordon Smith, and I; also Stephen Trout and Lettice Trout, his sister—a good woman, but one who craves excitement, and fondly hopes to find it by inducing her brother to take her to the more respectable night clubs.

Spider's is extremely respectable; the only thing to be said against it is that it consistently breaks the law concerned with the consumption of alcoholic refreshment. And so jealous of its reputation is Spider's that the club has taken special precautions to prevent the entry of his Majesty's police.

This lift is one of the precautions. Except for the fire-escape, the lift is the only avenue of approach to Spider's, which is on the top floor of a high building in — Avenue. There are no stairs. The lift is very small, holding two comfortably, or three at a pinch; it is worked by the members. But at the lower end of the shaft, on the fifth floor, stands the club commissioner, with instructions to admit almost anybody, but not the police.

We were leaving at the ridiculous hour of 12.30 a.m., for Miss Lettice Trout had early wearied of excitement, and, declaring that the last thing she wished to do was to break up the party, had succeeded in doing that very thing. She, with Mr. Gordon Smith, had preceded us in the lift, and Stephen Trout, with Jean Renton, was waiting above to follow us.

I will not pretend that I was in an extremely good temper, for up till that moment I had paid the entire expenses of the party, and, having had one dance with Phyllis and three with Lettice Trout, I was not entirely satisfied with my investment.

"This is rather a shame," I said mildly—"to go to bed at the puritanical hour of

12.30, after exactly five dances—three with Lettice Trout—and you in a new dress—"

Phyllis had a new dress—a new dress which I cannot describe; but it was silvery and simple, but sweet and gay, like Phyllis.

"I know," said Phyllis, with what she fondly thinks is a pout, but is, in fact, only a most admirable arrangement of her mouth and a most adorable trick with her nose. "It was hardly worth while putting it on."

"It was very well worth while," I said warmly; and in the circumstances, and the light in the lift being bright, I can hardly be blamed if I turned to get the full effect of Phyllis and the new dress before the lift stopped.

And at that moment the lift did stop. On three sides of us was looking-glass; on the fourth a blank wall, painted an unpleasant shade of green. All was silent. We were alone in space.

"Oo!" said Phyllis. "Whatever's happened?"

"It's stopped," I said intelligently, playing with the buttons.

"I noticed that," said Phyllis. "But why?"

"Why not?" I said.

"There are several good answers to that question," said she; "but would you mind doing something first, Mr. Moon?"

I feverishly pressed the same buttons in a different order. Nothing happened.

"It's no good," I said. "We're stuck!"

"I'm frightened," said Phyllis; and then, surprisingly, "Oh, John, what fun!"

"Yes," I said reflectively, pressing the same buttons again.

"What will mother say?" said Phyllis.

"I think perhaps you'd better do something, Mr. Moon."

"I will, I will," I said, and all the responsibility of manhood rose up in me. I pressed the buttons again, with the same result.

"I was once stuck in a Tube lift," I said wisely. "They brought up another lift alongside—and we escaped through a door in the side of the lift."

"But there is no other lift here," said Phyllis.

"True," I said. "And there is no door."

"Have you any other plans of that kind?" said Phyllis, after a slight pause.

"I know what I shall do. I shall call down to Lettice Trout. I feel that in some way she is responsible for this. Hallo!" I called, my voice echoing hollow in the shaft. "Hullo there! Miss Trout! Gordon! Lettice Trout!"—and then, quite simply, "Lettice!"

"Hullo!" came up a faint, thin voice. "Come on, Mr. Moon! We're waiting."

"So are we," I returned.

"Why don't you come down?" called Mr. Smith impatiently. (I am not at all sure that Mr. Smith and Lettice will ever marry.)

"We can't."

"What? I can't hear."

At this point a loud voice fell on us from above—Stephen Trout's.

"Why don't you send up the lift?" said he.

"We can't."

"WHAT'S THAT? WHERE ARE YOU?"

"THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS," I shouted, "WE ARE NEITHER HERE NOR THERE. THE LIFT HAS STOPPED."

"WHAT?"

"I SAY — THE — LIFT — HAS — STOPPED."

"WHERE?"

"HERE."

Two voices said simultaneously, a long way off, "He says the lift has stopped," and one could almost hear the busy brains clicking, below and above.

The next voice was the commissioner's, an ex-sergeant, a practical man.

"HULLO, SIR," he cried. "CAN'T YOU BUDGE HER?"

"I AM QUITE UNABLE TO BUDGE HER," I bawled.

"I NEVER KNEW IT TO HAPPEN BEFORE, SIR," he shouted.

"THAT'S VERY COMFORTING."

"BEG PARDON, SIR?"

"I SAY—IT'S VERY COMFORTING."

"TRY PRESSING THE BUTTON," called Mr. Smith helpfully.

"I'VE TRIED THAT. I THOUGHT OF THAT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY."

"TRY SHIFTING YOUR WEIGHT, SIR," put in the commissioner.

"VERY WELL," I yelled, moving a

(Continued overleaf.)

Continued.

little closer to Phyllis; and I pressed the buttons again.

"DOESN'T THAT HELP?" called Mr. Smith.

"IT'S A PLEASANT CHANGE," I replied; "BUT IT SEEMS TO MAKE NO DIFFERENCE. WHAT SHALL I TRY NOW?"

There was silence.

Then the voice of Lettice came up: "DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, PHYLLIS! WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU."

"IT'S ALL RIGHT," cried Phyllis, powdering her nose. "I'M NOT FRIGHTENED. BUT IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU'RE THERE."

"WHAT?"

"I SAY—IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU'RE THERE."

"And not here," I added softly.

"That wasn't what I meant, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis.

"Of course."

"THE COMMISSIONAIRE," came from Mr. Smith, "HAS GONE FOR AN ELECTRICIAN. HE WON'T BE LONG."

"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, PHYLLIS," cried Jean.

"WE'LL WAIT," cried Lettice nobly, "IF IT'S ALL NIGHT."

"I HOPE IT WON'T BE THAT," I yelled. "MEANWHILE, THIS GENERAL CONVERSATION IS BECOMING RATHER A STRAIN—SO YOU WON'T THINK US RUDE, I HOPE, IF WE DON'T TALK VERY MUCH."

"WHAT?" cried Mr. Smith.

"I SAID—THIS CONVERSATION MUST NOW CEASE," I croaked. "MY VOICE IS GOING."

There was silence, but for muffled murmurs, above and below. We hung suspended, like souls in the blue, listening to the remote and unimportant voices of earth and heaven at once.

"Well, I'm going to sit down," said Phyllis, doing so.

"And I."

"I'm not sure that you hadn't better stand, Mr. Moon."

"I'm quite sure I hadn't," I said, sitting down.

"Something might happen," said Phyllis, making room for me. "And you won't be ready."

"I shall be quite ready. Besides, I must keep up my strength for the next emergency. And this is an opportunity, as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain remarked, which may never occur again."

"This is rather an adventure, John," said Phyllis. "Do you think we are in any danger?"

"At any moment the electrician may arrive."

"Oh, is that all? You don't think the lift may suddenly drop to the basement?" said Phyllis hopefully.

"No," I said; "it won't do that. But if there was an earthquake, there is no doubt we should be in a tight place."

"What a terrible thought, Mr. Moon! But so would Jean and Stephen."

"True," I said. "I like to think of Jean and Stephen sitting up there. They say that there is nothing like a common danger for drawing people together, Phyllis."

"Do they say that, John? You mean that our danger may be the means of drawing Jean and Stephen together, Mr. Moon?"

"Perhaps," I said. "Then, of course, there are the other two. I like to think of them."

"I'm afraid it will take more than an earthquake to draw Lettice and Gordon together," said Phyllis. "You ought to be very sorry for Gordon, Mr. Moon."

"Not very," I said. "He is being educated—and this is one of his lessons."

"What is he learning, Mr. Moon?"

"The value of a certain lady."

"Miss Lettice Trout?"

"No," I said, "I wasn't thinking of her. . . . He questioned once," I went on, "whether the lady had much in her. Compared with Jean, for example."

"The little beast!" said Phyllis. "Not that it matters to me," she added hastily.

"Well, well; he's learning," I said tolerantly.

Phyllis nestled back in her corner.

"What shall we talk about now, John?" she said, after a slight pause. "This is a very comfy little lift, I must say."

"The decorations are very curious," I said. "Have you ever seen a lift with a roof like that before?"

"I don't remember looking at the roof of a lift before. What's the matter with it?"

"It is covered with some sort of berry."

"So it is," said Phyllis. "Grapes."

"It looks to me," I said, "like mistletoe."

"Grapes, I think, Mr. Moon."

"Mistletoe, Miss Fair."

"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, PHYLLIS?" cried Lettice suddenly below.

"YES, THANK YOU," sang Phyllis. "AT LEAST, I THINK SO."

"Why the doubt?" I said.

"Those berries are grapes, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis firmly, looking at me.

"Why?" said I, looking at Phyllis.

"Because I *will* have it so."

"Very well," I said.

"I'M ALL RIGHT, LETTICE," she sang again. "DON'T WORRY. HOW'S GORDON?"

"I'M ALL RIGHT," said Mr. Smith grimly.

"HE'S NOT BEHAVING VERY NICELY," piped Lettice.

"OH, DEAR," said Phyllis, "I'M SURPRISED AT THAT. MR. MOON'S BEHAVING BEAUTIFULLY."

Then she leaned back her head against the corner, so that I saw three lovely necks instead of one, closed her eyes, and said: "How lucky for me that you're a married man, Mr. Moon! What shall we talk about now, John?"

"A little devil," I said, sighing.

"I beg your pardon?"

The strains of dance music came faintly from above.

"It's curious," I said, "by what illogical rules our lives are governed—"

"Oh, dear," said Phyllis, "I know that beginning. It generally ends in something bad."

"Only half-an-hour ago," I said, "I held you closely in my arms before a crowd of people, and we moved several times round the room in a prolonged and intimate embrace. We might have been married—"

"We very nearly were, you know."

"Do not let us open old wounds, Miss Fair. The present are enough. All this, as I say, was done in public, and no man thought the worse of us—"

"With the possible exception of Mr. Smith," said Phyllis.

"With the possible exception of Mr. Smith," I agreed. "But his objection (if any) was in no sense a moral one; quite the contrary—being, in fact, if you are right, a selfish regret that he was not doing as I was doing."

"He was. With Lettice."

"Quite. An entirely proper proceeding. Yet here, where no mortal eye can see us, if I were so much as to put one arm about you, a strong objection would be taken—"

"It would," said Phyllis.

"Assuming, that is, that there was anyone to see—which there is not."

"I don't think that makes any difference," said Phyllis.

"My point exactly. When other people are there they make no difference at all—as we saw upstairs. Logically, therefore, *a fortiori*—"

"A what?"

"*A fortiori*—they must make still less difference when they are not there—as here—"

"Are you sure you're still being logical, Mr. Moon?" said Phyllis doubtfully.

"Perfectly. I have proved that it cannot be wrong to do in private that which may be done without reproach in public."

"I suppose you have, John," said Phyllis, settling herself comfortably again. "All the same, I don't think we'd better have any more logic, Mr. Moon. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LETTICE DEAR?"

"YES, DEAR."

"THIS IS A COMFY LIFT—"

"WE'RE SITTING ON THE STAIRS," cried Mr. Smith.

"THERE'S A DRAUGHT," cried Lettice. "SEVERAL DRAUGHTS," said Mr. Smith.

"OH, DEAR," said Phyllis, "I AM SORRY. WE'RE QUITE COSY."

There was a distant grunting sound.

"The question of the berries," I continued, ignoring these interruptions, "is not a question of logic, but of fact."

"I'm very glad of that, Mr. Moon."

"But here again logic has something to say."

"Oh, dear!"

"It is absurd," I said, "how much importance is attached in literature and the drama—and, indeed, in life—to that form of personal salute which we call a kiss. Why, for example, should it so often be regarded as a wrongful act, and on the stage be generally the turning point in several lives? After all, what is a kiss?"

"I haven't the least idea, Mr. Moon."

"A kiss is the most beautiful and romantic fashion of greeting known to mankind. Thus the loyal subject salutes his King, thus mothers their children, thus sister signifies her love for sister. And most innocent of all, perhaps, most hallowed by tradition, is the sportive kiss which is given under the mistletoe."

"I thought we agreed they were grapes, Mr. Moon."

"It is at once a courtesy," I went on, "and the formal expression of a physical bond, like a handshake. Like a handshake, it may be sincerely intended or not; but in either case it does no harm—no one is the wiser, and no one is the worse."

"In fact, Mr. Moon, if I understand you aright, properly considered, a kiss is no more than a How d'ye do, or a friendly word in a letter?"

"Please be serious, Miss Fair. As I was saying, we are very old friends, and if I were to signify my esteem for you by warmly shaking you by the hand—so—no one would have a word to say. By the same reasoning, I can see no sort of harm in my expressing my sentiments in the other and the more historic manner."

"But even a handshake, Mr. Moon, may be prolonged beyond the limits of decorum."

"I was not speaking of long handshakes, Miss Fair."

"I'm glad of that, John," said Phyllis.

"In that case—perhaps—"

"CHEER UP!" shouted Mr. Smith. "THE ELECTRICIAN'S ARRIVED."

Neither Phyllis nor I uttered any immediate expression of satisfaction.

"GOOD!" I shouted, in a moment or two.

"Well, well," said Phyllis, sighing. "I shall be quite sorry to leave our little lift."

[Continued on page xx.]

Plays of the Moment: No. XXX. "The Street Singer."



THE QUARTIER LATIN ON THE LYRIC STAGE: BONNI (MR. HARRY WELCHMAN, LEFT CENTRE) AND YVETTE (MISS PHYLLIS DARE) IN THE STUDIO.



THE STREET SINGER—IN REALITY A DUCHESS—AND HER ARTIST: MISS PHYLLIS DARE AND MR. HARRY WELCHMAN.



MR. HARRY WELCHMAN AS THE ROMANTIC PAINTER, BONNI.



FRANÇOIS SINGS, "OW I 'ATE WOMEN": MR. A. W. BASKCOMB IN ONE OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL NUMBERS.

"The Street Singer," the new musical comedy at the Lyric, which was originally produced in Birmingham with great success, is an excellent entertainment. Mr. Frederick Lonsdale has provided a definite and duly romantic plot, which deals with the adventures of Bonni, an unsuccessful artist of the Quartier Latin. Yvette, the delightful Street Singer, takes a fancy to him—but she proves to be the Duchess of Versailles, an aristocratic patron of the arts, who has put on disguise in order to make Bonni

fall in love with her. The little drama of the love of the Duchess for Bonni is played out to tuneful and sufficiently Gallic music set to neatly turned lyrics, and Miss Phyllis Dare has never been seen to greater advantage than in her rôle of Yvette. She sings, dances, and acts admirably, and has some excellent scenes and numbers with Mr. Harry Welchman. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb's humour is always a delight, and he has never been funnier than in his song, "Ow I 'ate Women."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Plays of the Moment: No. XXX. "The Street Singer."



THE DUCHESS OF VERSAILLES REVEALS HERSELF TO BONNI: MISS PHYLLIS DARE AND MR. HARRY WELCHMAN.



BONNI, IN HIS FURY, DESTROYS HIS PICTURE OF THE STREET SINGER: MR. HARRY WELCHMAN, MISS PHYLLIS DARE AS YVETTE, ALIAS THE DUCHESS OF VERSAILLES; AND MR. ALFRED BEERS AS LEVY.

"The Street Singer," the new musical comedy at the Lyric, contains dramatic moments as well as many delightful dances, songs, and love scenes. The reception at the house of the Duchess of Versailles is the moment when her Grace reveals to Bonni, the young artist, that

she has been masquerading as Yvette the Street Singer; and when the artist learns that he has been tricked in this fashion, he destroys the picture which he has painted of her in her disguise. Mr. Harry Welchman and Miss Phyllis Dare play their parts to perfection.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

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DEWAR'S





Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"MIDSUMMER MADNESS," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

THE music eerie—more about it anon; the picture of a Somerset garden full of sap and sweetness by Mr. George Sheringham; the text much leather, with a touch of Prunella, and some witty lines. Four people frolic. Midsummer madness, according to the title, is in them, and they play with the permutations of love as immortalised by Shakespeare's Dream.



A FAMOUS SWORDSMAN WHO IS "KILLED" ON THE STAGE: MR. GERALD AMES AS COUNT JERONYM DE SAMOVAL IN "IN THE SNARE."

Mr. Gerald Ames, who plays the part of the wicked Portuguese Count, who is killed in the duel in the new Savoy production, "In the Snare," is an expert swordsman, and is probably the only English actor who has fought a real duel with naked blades. When a student of nineteen he engaged his man at Fribourg, in Switzerland, for twenty-seven minutes before running him through the arm. Mr. Ames has also competed at the Olympic Games in the past, and is altogether a famous fencer.

Photograph by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.

There was just enough to go on with in one act: Barker and Housman would have made it idyllic; Théodore de Banville—still unique and unsurpassed—ideal. Mr. Clifford Bax made it forced fruit—there was the flavour but not the savour of fairyland. He has no sense of the theatre as yet; it may read better than it acts—but it acted only because four fine artists infused life, and the composer song and atmosphere. It might have been played as mimodrama for aught we cared—and then it might have been much more amusing. Now we had to seek the spirit of the thing in the music. The text, with its longitudes and latitudes and soliloquies and none too skilful seeing-sawing between the fanciful and the banal, wearied. It had an air of the precious, with now and again flashes of the ridiculous—in the agreeable sense of the word. In the second act there were moments of real romance; in the third we tumbled again into artificial mirth. It was all like pantomime by a beginner written for the delectation of the family. The four artists kept the ball rolling. Their *savoir faire*, their individuality, and the charming voice of Miss Marie Tempest with its warm notes, of Mr. Hubert Eisdell (who improves as an actor), the sonorous notes of Mr. Frederick Ranalow, the sweet twittering of a

newcomer, Miss Marjorie Dixon, told us more than the words.

The music, written by one who is at home in the tunes of Old England and familiar with the drift of modern orchestration, was "truly rural," now and again elfish, sometimes humorous and inspired. It lacked fervour; only in Miss Tempest's solo in the third act, which she sang in all the glory of her operette days, rang the heart-tone. On the whole, the composer saw the picture, felt the scheme, made us think of midsummer fancies, of aloof spirits hovering in the trees, of fairies floating around mortals, of all that is melodious and mystic in nature at nightfall.

So score and singers wove the spell that bound the audience when the words threatened to rend it.

J. T. G.

II.

"IN THE SNARE," AT THE SAVOY.

THE bird of Success is "In the Snare," at the Savoy.

This is a capital melodrama in the grand old vivid manner. After the first act—slow, discursive (what do first acts matter when the rest grips?)—things move swiftly, excitingly. In defiance of Wellington's orders—you remember the novel—the valiant General fights a duel with the treacherous Portuguese noble for honour's sake, kills him, and—discovers his wife, in the depth of night, with his best friend on the balcony. Wildly jealous, he suspects—nay, is convinced of—her infidelity. We knew—he didn't—that she was as innocent as the white snow, that she and the friend had tended her fugitive brother. Then came the court-martial and—not very gallantly, we thought—he tried to fasten the duel on to the friend, and flouted the poor wife for her apparent disaffection. But why introspect when you are interested and amused, when you are stirred by valiant deeds and brave words, when history is neatly commingled with romance, when *panache* is the order of the day and all's well in the end?

It is essentially a play for the people, and at the cinema it will vie with "Scaramouche"—it quickens the pulse, is full of life and colour. It is *du théâtre* in the best sense of the word; it will even amuse the highbrow by the boldness of its conceit.

The actors played in the right vein. Mr. George Tully was delightful as the bluff, humorous, impulsive General—so gaily boyish that we forgave him for his questionable interference at the court-martial, that we understood why Wellington (acted with dignity and incisiveness by Mr. Clifton Boyne) took his constant breaches of discipline in good grace. Mr. Rudolph de Cordova had all the *grandezza* of old-world diplomacy, and Mr. Gerald Ames, a Velasquian picture as the traitorous noble, gave a fine portrayal of a *grand seigneur* playing a double game under the veneer of exquisite manners and velvety address. Miss Renee Kelly was the General's wife, and although the part is somewhat passive, she was wholly sympathetic and charming to behold.

J. T. G.

III.

"THE MAGIC CRYSTAL," AT THE SCALA.

WHEN he came before the curtain, we beheld a pleasant young Indian in his salad days. So there was much applause, and only a spoonful of tar in the sweet honey-cask. That was right. We should encourage Sons of Empire, even when their first steps are crutchy and wobbly. It was his first attempt at a European play (he had already made a little score in an Indian one), and, if the material was raw and the method archaic, we should rather cheer than jeer, on the wise precaution of people who live in glass houses. Heaven only knows what our Indian students think when one of our playwrights ventures on the domain of the Peninsula!

It is quite possible that our young poet has never heard of Anstey's "Vice-Versa," and "The Brass Bottle," but we may assume that in his first venture

he was more obsessed by reminiscences than inspired by originality. In fairness we should add that no one can say how much of the farce remains as per manuscript, for it has been trailed for months in the provinces, and has become so studded with gags and all manner of verbal quips to amuse the groundlings that we can hardly conceive their having sprung from an inexperienced pen. Still, the fact remains that our author has read and seen too much; and if it were worth while, one could name a string of older farces, all of which have left behind traces in this somewhat jejune story of the magic crystal that in a dream turned the master into a valet and led to endless and wild confusion. Next time Mr. Pal must put on his thinking-cap and give free rein to his Eastern fantasy. That he has it was proved in his former attempt.

For, apart from an excellent memory, this newcomer has a nice sense of the theatre. He knows how to draw a laugh; he has a strain of broad humour; he can work up a scene. In the third act—the best of the three—the awakening of the hero, which re-established the *status quo*, was as sudden as it was effective.

What the author has to learn is not only to create situations—or, I should rather say, to recreate situations—but to write dialogue. I have rarely heard such flat-footed parlance, such awful puns, such *maladresse* of jest. Much of it may have been "filled in," but even so, there was not a line of wit or beyond *cliché*.

With such material, the task of the actors was all uphill, and much depended on their individual energy. In this respect, Mr. Charles Windermere



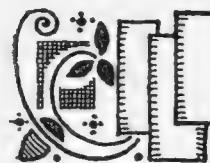
AS SIR TERENCE O'MOY: MR. GEORGE TULLY IN "IN THE SNARE."

The new production at the Savoy, "In the Snare," is a drama full of military glitter, in which Mr. George Tully takes the part of Sir Terence O'Moy, and gives a splendid study of soldierly impetuosity.

Photograph by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.

and Mr. Jack Tregale, master and man, did their best and worked with a will; and a little *ingénue*, Miss Lillian Hillier, as the sweetest, funniest, most unconscious little maid that ever wore cap and apron, made a little hit all her own. She seemed to revel in her part and to enjoy herself hugely when people laughed. So we laughed with and at her!

J. T. G.



The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.



ANOTHER Wimbledon has come and gone and once again we have to note that none of our home-produced stars has shone with any brilliance at the meeting—as far as the premier event is concerned. Actually no one from this country succeeded in getting further than the last eight. Kingscote alone achieved this comparatively moderate distinction. Such a state of affairs is less encouraging than last year, when three Britishers—Woosnam, Evans, and Lowe—arrived in the ante-penultimate round. The last player even figured in the semi-final—there to be robbed of the privilege of meeting Johnston in the final by the powerful aggressive methods of the other American, F. T. Hunter.

Now, had it been some American or Frenchman who took out that patent for "a new and improved portable court" fifty years ago, we should not have so much cause to deplore our failure. But, lawn-tennis having been born in this country, all able-bodied young people should by this time have it in their very blood.

For about the first thirty years of the championship at Wimbledon we had things very much our own way. The Rennshaws, Dohertys, and others appeared on the roll with refreshing regularity. And here, slightly digressing, let me say that so much was the game at one time despised that when the elder Doherty was up at Cambridge in the

'nineties I remember seeing him walking along the "backs" almost hiding his racket under his blazer. In those days lawn-tennis was not even thought to be worthy of the Half-Blue that it received. This seems well-nigh incredible in the light of the present-day amazing popularity of the game. Then (to return to the championship roll) we allowed an interloper from Australia—Norman Brookes—to inscribe his name upon it, in 1907. The next two years were those of A. W. Gore—and there purely British success ended. Wilding, from New Zealand, followed with an unbroken sequence of four years, which (in 1914) Brookes prevented him from continuing.

Since the war Patterson and America have proved supreme; and now France, for the first time in the history of Wimbledon, has laid a very determined hold upon our championship.

The critics who predicted—and there were many of them—another American victory were confounded. For, truth to tell, none of

the "Big Four" from across the "little ole Atlantic" played up to their great reputations. France's representatives, on the other hand, showed form at this year's Wimbledon which they had never previously revealed to the English crowd.

Borotra, whom we heartily congratulate upon winning the 1924 championship, has on his previous visits to Wimbledon never seriously looked like becoming even a finalist. This year he seems to have tempered his whirlwind methods with the requisite quality of accuracy. En route to the final victory he lost a set to the Australian, Willford, and Woosnam. Gordon Lowe, in the next round, went down in three straight sets. Then Spence made him play four sets—the second requiring twenty-six games, of which Borotra scored the extra couple. He next met Vincent Richards. This was a great match for two sets. But after set-all was called, the Frenchman went all out for his shots, winning the next two, 6-0, 6-3. Nevertheless, it was not the same Richards who thrilled the centre court last year in his match with Johnston. Richards's first service, usually a deadly delivery, too often found the net, and with the second Borotra did as he liked. The South African, Louis Raymond, failed to get a set from the champion in the semi-final, though he fought hard in the third, which ran to 7-5. Lacoste, having beaten R. N. Williams in the other half, thus met his fellow-countryman in the final.

Not merely because Lacoste wears a white cap with a long peak, and Borotra a black one without a peak, are these two players in distinct contrast: Lacoste, of tiny stature, calm and cool, producing his greatest shots with the smallest effort; Borotra, tall, of athletic build, restless and impatient, like a panther, springing into the air for the "smash," and hurling himself headlong at the ground stroke. For the production of his service he appears to pause

awhile to collect every muscle in his body; then, with a swift grace, the accumulated force is transmitted to the swing of the racket.

A most attractive personality has this agile young Pyrenean, and the crowd took him to their hearts. He is obviously enjoying the game as a game—a most unusual thing in competitive lawn-tennis. He smiles, and his smile is infectious. Once, annoyed at missing a shot, he smacked his leg so hard with his racket he obviously hurt himself, for he rubbed it. The gallery yelled with laughter. He was the idol of the Wimbledon "flappers." Often, when racing for the ball, his speed was such that he mounted the barrier—but for which he would have fallen into their arms!

The scores in this French final giving Borotra the victory were 6-1, 3-6, 6-1, 3-6, 6-4.

Borotra beat Lacoste—and most of his opponents—because of his exceptional speed to get to the ball, hitting it at the earliest moment of the bound, and driving it hard and accurately to the extreme limits of the side lines. Co-operating with this was his deadly volley at the net. When Lacoste, to escape this, "lobbed" him, Borotra's marvellous agility enabled him to be back and under them all, whatever their length; and the "smash" that followed was the deadliest thing of its kind that Wimbledon has ever seen.

I have not forgotten that this year, for the first time since 1914, we can write the name of an English girl—Miss McKane—on the ladies' championship roll. But then the

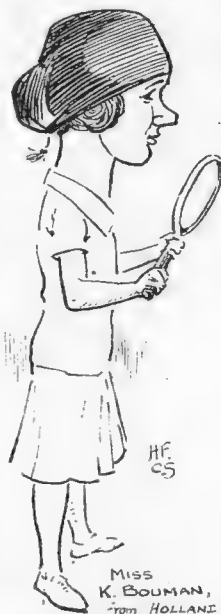
doctor—irritating man—made Suzanne scratch. And why the fair Helen is not the



lady champion of 1924 I am still wondering.

In the second set Miss Wills, "having won the first," 6-4, led her opponent 4-1, and her fine play earned that lead. She was more than once within a point of 5-1. She did not appear to deteriorate. On the other hand, Miss McKane was not noticeably showing improvement on her form of the first set. But the fact remains that the English girl then won five games running, and thus made it set-all.

The final set started by each winning the other's service for four games. Then Miss Wills won her service, and led 3-2. Here, though the American girl should have made it 4-2, Miss McKane volleyed her out of the lead. Though 5-3 was called against her, the American was not done with, and captured the ninth game. The tenth game, though hotly disputed, went to Miss McKane, and, with it, the championship.



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And yet, for some mysterious reason, distinguished musicians are seldom happy in their lives. They have their great moments of triumph, but these are swiftly succeeded by heart-burnings, and wranglings, and disputes, and heated retorts, and the rupture of contracts.

Why is this? The theatrical stage is not always a bower of lavender and roses, but the theatrical stage is not nearly so tempestuous as the concert-hall—if one may judge by the lives and letters of distinguished musicians who have passed away. As for operatic singers, it would seem that their lives are the most turbulent of all. Perhaps all this was only in days that are gone, but as you turn the pages of their biographies, they seem to be for ever refusing to sing with this person or that, and flinging down their music or their contracts, and stalking out of the building. True, they generally return next day, but how painful the scene while it lasts!

"Sims Reeves."

Take the case of Sims Reeves, whose life has just been told with loving care by Mr. Charles E. Pearce, under the title of "Sims Reeves: Fifty Years of Music in England." What a life of storm and struggle! In public the idol of his audiences, the possessor of a voice of wondrous beauty, the singer of ballads that reached every heart and were repeated in every home all over the world. In private poor old Sims Reeves was no sooner out of one seething whirlpool than he plunged straightway into another.

He had, of course, a martial beginning. He was born amongst fighting men.

"Just within the Woolwich Barracks, at the end of the New Road, and opposite the ugly, grimy structure known as the Royal Artillery Theatre, stands a block of buildings of a single storey, as ugly and as grimy as the theatre. This block was formerly a portion of the married soldiers' quarters, and in the days of the Regency, in the house facing the stage door of the theatre, resided Bombardier (afterwards Corporal) Reeves, and his wife Rosina. A century ago in an upper room, the window of which overlooks the theatre, was born to them a son destined to be the

greatest English singer in the world—John Sims Reeves."

But he was not christened "Sims." That was an after-thought.

Learning Music.

Sims Reeves learnt music from his father, who was a notable glee-singer, and also played the violin and bassoon. The coming tenor's first acquaintance with music was painful. Reeves senior was a corporal, and he demanded military precision from his pupil. The unfortunate child had to be up, bathed, dressed, and ready for his lesson on the pianoforte by five o'clock in the morning. Whenever he struck a wrong note, his father would aim at the erring knuckle with his violin bow, and he was a fine shot with that weapon.

I can picture the scene, for I have often played in it myself. At my first boarding-school, I had to learn the piano from a maiden sister of the headmaster. She had no violin bow, but she had a very large thick pencil, possibly selected for the very purpose. The

But the experience helps me to sympathise with poor Sims Reeves. Small wonder that he took to singing for a living. And small wonder that so few boys ever learn to play the piano really well. They may have the ear, and they may have the touch, and they may have the genius, but they are carefully taught to hate the piano during the most impressionable years of their lives.

Sims Reeves and Macready.

A battle between the great Macready and the youthful Sims Reeves made history. Sims Reeves was appearing in Macready's production of "King Arthur." He had to sing the famous war-song. Macready instructed him to sing it with his back to the audience and facing his foes. Sims Reeves tried to solve the difficulty by standing sideways to sing the song, whereupon Macready had a stage passion and gave him the sack. (Oh, those silly old-fashioned managers with their stage furies!) Then he was told to come back and pay a fine of five pounds.

"In his account," says his biographer, "Reeves softened down what really happened, and did himself an injustice. Mr. Herbert Reeves says that on one occasion, when referring to the incident, his father told him that, resenting Macready's overbearing manner and feeling that he was right, his natural impetuosity asserted itself and, flinging the music he had in his hand at the time in the autocratic tragedian's face, he walked out of the theatre. The dismissal came from him, and not from Macready, who, as he states, had to send for him to come back. As manager, Macready was within his right in fining the recalcitrant tenor £5—'just one week's salary,' said Reeves, with a shrug of his shoulders. This tells us what his Drury

Lane engagement was worth. In the course of the altercation Reeves remarked that perhaps the day might come when he (Macready) would ask for his services. That day *did* come. On the occasion of Macready's farewell to the stage, the tragedian begged Reeves to sing for him. The answer was in the negative."

Macready must have been a pretty low sort of fellow to try to make money out of a man whom he had treated so scurvily.

An Old-Time Conductor.

The following description has nothing to do with Sims Reeves, but it is so amusing that I feel bound to quote it—
"Jullien had an instinct for 'effect.' So long as he was talked about, he did not care whether he was criticised favourably or unfavourably. I have a vivid recollection of his conducting his promenade concerts

(Continued overleaf.)



LADY WAVERTREE'S LAWN-TENNIS PARTY AT SUSSEX LODGE: A GROUP INCLUDING MANY FAMOUS PLAYERS.

Our group was taken at Lady Wavertree's lawn-tennis party in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, and shows, from left to right, back row: Mr. F. Hunter, Mr. Mailham, Mrs. Harry Greer, Colonel A. R. F. Kingscote, Mr. J. M. Hillyard, Lady Crossfield, Mr. S. Jacob, Mr. Vincent Richards, Colonel Mayes, Dr. Hardy, Mr. Norman Brookes, the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, Mr. J. D. P. Wheatley, and Mr. F. Howard; second row (seated): Mrs. Norman Brookes, Miss Elinor Sears, Miss Ryan, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, Lady Wavertree, Mrs. Wightman, Mme. Lenglen, and Mrs. Satterthwaite; and on the ground in front: Miss Fripp, Miss Rosemary Hall-Walker, Miss Coss, Miss Austin, Miss Betty Nuttall, Miss Colyer, Mrs. Shepherd Barron, Mrs. Vincent Richards, and Mr. S. N. Doust.

Photograph by Alfieri.

moment I went wrong whack came the pencil on the small knuckles, so that one's attention was divided throughout the lesson between the notes to be played and the hovering pencil. At nine years of age one may be forgiven for shedding a few tears when in pain, but the tear-dimmed eye does not help very much the effort to read music. The faster the tears flowed the oftener the pencil descended, until at last the lesson had to be abandoned and the next victim sent in to be inspired with a love for the pianoforte. Only a few weeks ago I received an invitation to subscribe to a testimonial to the virtues of this lady and her brother. The testimonial was to be placed in the village church. As my chief recollections of this excellent couple were that one had broken a ruler over my hand and the other beaten my cold knuckles three times a week with a huge pencil, I did not respond.

(Continued.)

in the 'fifties. Whether it was due to the tailor's art or to his own overpowering personality, I do not know, but the impression produced upon my boyish mind was that of a colossal figure, a grand torso, wildly waving arms, and, especially, of snow-white kid gloves. The shortness of his legs was not apparent. The crash of the final chord over, he sank, to all appearance exhausted, into a magnificent throne-like arm-chair, superbly upholstered. Mopping his forehead with a delicate pocket-handkerchief, taking care to show the blazing diamond ring on his little finger, he was seemingly deaf to the applause thundering round him. But in due time he rose with majesty, and one saw nothing but a vast area of shirt-front (ornamented, it was said, by representations of landscapes in embroidery), in the centre of which sparkled another diamond. His sweeping bow was graciousness itself. Anon a page-boy with three rows of gilt buttons sprouting from neck to waist appeared, bearing a salver on which was a second pair of white kid gloves, and these the great conductor put on in full sight of the audience before entering upon the next piece."

And I always thought musical directors tried to escape attention!

The Cause of Success.

Sims Reeves was once asked how it was that he could make a success of a song with which other singers had failed. He replied, oddly enough, that it was because he studied the words! Imagine a singer admitting that the words of a song had anything to do with his success!

I once knew a man who had composed a very popular song. He admitted to having made five thousand pounds out of it.

"Bring me a set of words like those tomorrow," he said, "and I'll make another five thousand."

"And what do you give for the words?" I asked.

"Five pounds," was the answer.

Which explains much. Among other things, it explains why that composer never wrote another success.

Sims Reeves, so far from despising the words of his songs, made them of equal importance to the music. "I worry and fidget," he said, "lest my voice should not be at its best when the evening comes. I go to the piano over and over again and run over a few notes. I always rehearse the songs I propose to sing—yes, even 'Tom Bowling,' or 'The Death of Nelson'—not, of course, at concert pitch, but singing them over, trying a phrase or a run, and always endeavouring to get a fresh effect."

Sims Reeves's Last Words.

The last words of the great singer—at any rate, the last words in allusion to his own profession, for he died the next day—were in praise of a brother singer. "Santley," he said, "is a true artist—a true artist, and I should like that recorded. The proof is that whenever he sings at the Handel Festival and elsewhere he is recognised as the only artist before the public who knows what he is doing."

A little hard on all the others, perhaps, but unselfish enthusiasm at such a moment is to be more than pardoned—it is to be

respected. A fine record of a great man, and one that will stand for all time.

"The Green Hat."

Mr. Michael Arlen, well known to readers of this journal, is as young and as clever as ever. Very gallantly, he has



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. PETER HARRIS AND MISS PEGGY BEHRENS: THE BRIDE, BRIDE-GROOM, AND TWO BRIDESMAIDS.

The marriage of Mr. Peter Harris, only son of Sir Austin and Lady Harris, to Miss Peggy Behrens, only daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Clive Behrens, was celebrated at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The bridesmaids were the Misses Pamela and Karen Harris (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss Maureen Gibson, Miss Mary Charlesworth, and Miss Liberty Rothschild.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. FERGUS O. FORBES AND MISS GUNDREDE WYNNE: THE BRIDE, BRIDE-GROOM, BEST MAN, AND ATTENDANTS.

The marriage of Miss Gundrede Wynne, daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Wynne, to Mr. Fergus O. Forbes, Coldstream Guards, son of the Hon. Montague and Mrs. Forbes, was celebrated at the Oratory. Our photograph shows, from left to right, Miss Pamela Wavell, Miss Pamela Hirst, Master Fairhurst, Miss Sara Forbes, Mr. St. John Plevins (best man), the bride and bridegroom, the Hon. José Evans-Freke, the Master of Forbes, Miss Rosemary Britten, and Miss Marjory Hancock.

Photograph by Vaughan and Freeman.

taken upon himself the task of championing the richer classes. It is a brave and a just act. After all, why should people be looked at askance and cold-shouldered merely because they happen to possess an income of anything between a thousand a day and a thousand a week? They have to live, I suppose? And who can live and enjoy

life without the friendship and kindness of his fellow-man? Yet many writers, whatever their private thoughts, would hesitate before saying a good word for the down-trodden rich.

Hear Mr. Arlen's heroine on the subject:

"Jews," she said, "are charming. The rich ones, I mean, and preferably the fat shiny ones. They understand luxury and elegance, and elegance is an enchantment that the skin loves. But nowadays only Jews have an idea of enchantment, only Jews and Americans. Furs, jewels, spacious rooms, trellised terraces, all lovely baubles, silks of China, myrrh, frankincense, and motor-cars. The Jews are disenchanted, but at least they're brave enough to insist on having all the enchantments of disenchantment. Luxury, ease, splendour, spaciousness. You'll say they're florid. Well, they may be, they are, but they're also the last towers of chivalry."

I call that handsome.

Mr. Arlen describes his new novel, "The Green Hat," as "a romance for a few people." The word "good" should be somewhere slipped in. "A good romance for a few people" would be a little indelicate, perhaps; but "a romance for a good few people" would hit the mark, whilst for selling purposes—which, after all, even the best authors must consider—"a romance for a few good people" would stimulate curiosity.

The story opens in Shepherd's Market—a delightful quarter which helps to make Mayfair what it is. It begins brilliantly, continues dazzlingly, and ends with a radiant crash.

"The School of Paris."

A young Englishman and a young Englishwoman in Paris. Both clever. Both impressionable. Both eager for knowledge of life.

Both employed at the Ecole Holophrastique-Donneau. What was that? It was a school of languages run on entirely novel principles by a man who was a curious blend of psychologist, charlatan, and fanatic. You did not learn a language at this school; you had it conveyed to you in impressionistic waves. It was the way in which primeval man began to speak. All speech, said this modern teacher, was a heart-cry. So he produced in his pupils emotional excitement that would in actual life precede the words which he was endeavouring to fix in their memories.

Expensive, of course, but what did that matter? He made a special appeal to the Hispano-American temperament, with its native indolence and craving for the sensational.

"In a very short time his school had become the vogue. He was able to ask what fees he chose."

A liberal education for our young English folk. They learnt about life at a wonderful rate. They

came together, and drifted apart, and then came together again. Otherwise, an unusual affair.

Sims Reeves. By Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul; 16s. net.)

The Green Hat. By Michael Arlen. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

The School of Paris. By Robert A. Hamblin. (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)



EVENTIDE . . . Life takes on the restful tints of autumn . . . Yet now, as never before, rich, full nourishment, very easily digested, is of supreme importance . . . Such nourishment is Horlick's Malted Milk—the Original.

A delicious combination of the choice extracts of wheat flour and malted barley with fresh dairy milk, Horlick's gives the nerve-force which is tranquillity, and confers sound, sweet, re-vitalizing sleep.



At all chemists, in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 & 15/-.
Also served in Restaurants & Cafés of Standing.
Tablets in Flasks, 7½d. and 1/3.

A liberal sample for trial will be forwarded,
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Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.

For children, Horlick's gives physical and mental fitness.

Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.



"Tennis helps to keep me fit, but it's Beecham's Pills which give me the energy to play—and to win—three straight sets like that."

Points on Activity

Tennis is a vigorous game, demanding an active brain, an active body, and well-controlled strength behind the racquet. The game of Youth—and Health! Beecham's Pills purify the system, steady the nerves and quicken the faculties. Sluggishness is banished and the body responds immediately to the brain. These are the things which make for good tennis—good health—and good looks.

*A dose at night will
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The Contrasting 'Scutum Weatherproof

Picture the contrast between the old-time drab and unhygienic mackintosh and the present-day colourful 'Scutum Weatherproof. . . Of unalloyed wools, proofed against rain, yet air-free and chillproof, the 'Scutum Weatherproof is easy to don, easy to doff, well-balanced, and burdenless.

IMAGINE THIS WONDERFUL COLOUR COMBINATION

Taken at random from hundreds of 'Scutum patterns is one of dove-coloured fawn, over-checked by half-inch-wide softly streaked bars in cinnamon, one of the many colour-combinations obtainable only of Aquascutum Ltd. To fully appreciate the vast colour range and the quality of the cloths in which the 'Scutum Weatherproof is made for ladies and gentlemen, it is needful to see and handle these 'Scutum patterns.

A post-card will bring along post-haste a varied assortment of inimitable 'Scutum colourings, plain and overchecked, together with booklet of styles . . . just mention "Sketch."

Agents in most towns.

In New York: Franklin Simon & Co., 5th Avenue.

The Aquascutum "Rufford" Coat. One of many styles in pure new wool and weatherproof Aquascutum cloths. The "Rufford" is useful in Town or Country and in all weathers. Prices 7 and 8 Guineas. Other styles from 6 Guineas. Aquascutum Field Coats (waterproof and windproof) 3½ to 5 Guineas.



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H.M. the King and
to H.R.H. the
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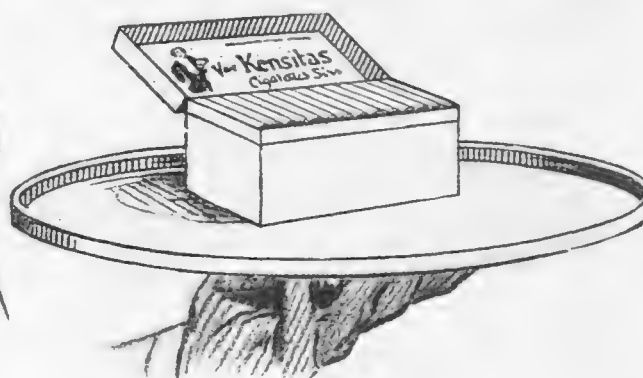
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By time and test the 'Scutum's best.



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20 for 1/- 50 for
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EXTRA LARGE
VIRGINIA
20 for 1/5 50 for
3/5 100 for 6/10

Silent Eloquence

Me, eloquent, sir, when I talk about Kensitas? You'd hardly expect eloquence from a butler. And if I may say so, sir, I think you agree with me that Kensitas speak for themselves. I've often noticed you hand your cigarette case to other gentlemen without any remark except, "Try one of these for a change."

Exactly, sir. So long as there are gentlemen whose palates are educated to relish the finer growths of age-matured Virginia, so long will there be Kensitas, sir, for their appreciation — with no need to say more than that Kensitas are *always* "as good as really good cigarettes can be."

Jenksyn

Kensitas

the preferred cigarette



A captivating scarf of crimson georgette pleated and edged with ostrich feathers. It hails from Jay's, Regent Street, W.

Paris Creates the Vogue for Ribbons.

Rainbow-hued ribbons flutter alluringly on a multitude of frocks and hats created by the great Paris dress-designers to grace the fashionable *plages* this summer. Huge bows of taffeta ribbon in bold plaids and checks are posed effectively on one shoulder of slender afternoon frocks of marocain or *crêpe-de-Chine*, the two ends falling almost to the hem; or narrow ribbon streamers float gracefully at the back, springing from a tiny bow fastening the organdie collar. Several delightful toilettes are completed with diminutive treader capes made entirely of ribbon frills, the latter reappearing in loose panels decorating the frock. In the sphere of hats, ribbon enjoys an even greater supremacy. The high Directoire models boast giant bows of gros-grain, or richly coloured velvet ribbon standing boldly erect, and the inimitable cloche is trimmed with intricate loops and swathes of ribbon in many lovely colourings and designs. The large shady hats in which we revel during hot summer days are simply swathed with wide ribbons, passing through a slot in the brim, and falling in long streamers. It is interesting to note that velvet ribbon used in this way is very often allied with light summer frocks. Certainly the rich dark surface of the velvet makes a strikingly effective foil to the bright hues of the printed voile, *crêpe-de-Chine*, and gay Rodier materials which express this season's midsummer fashions.

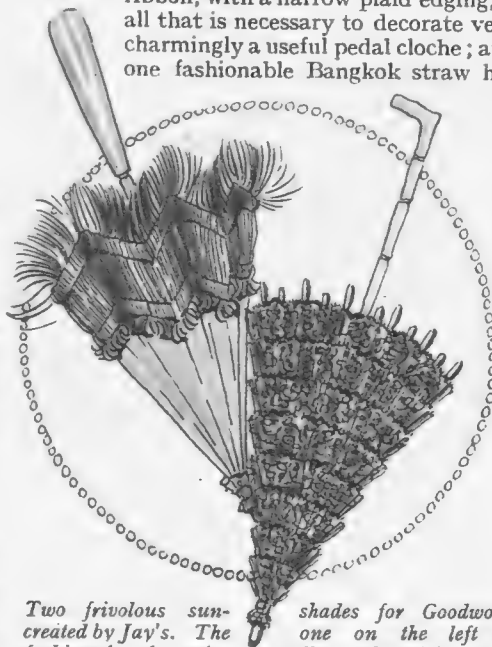
Ribbons Old and New.

This universal vogue for ribbons has been the signal for numberless fascinating variations to make their debut. The familiar silks and satins still flaunt their rich colourings on hats and frocks, but they are seriously rivalled by frivolous

WOMAN'S WAYS

By MABEL HOWARD

affairs of organdie and gros-grain, some picot-edged, or bordered with bright embroideries; others even boasting a tiny silken fringe! Scotch plaids are favourite designs this season, carried out in wide taffeta ribbon for *chic* promenade models, and in pale shaded organdie for alluring river hats. Again, a plait faille ribbon, with a narrow plaid edging, is all that is necessary to decorate very charmingly a useful pedal cloche; and one fashionable Bangkok straw has



Two frivolous sunshades for Goodwood created by Jay's. The one on the left is fashioned of cerise taffeta and ostrich-feather fronds, while the second boasts an Early Victorian handle of ivory, and many frills of black lace.



An effective knitted coat embroidered with yellow. It hails from Jay's, Regent Street, W.

the brim lined with shaded ribbon from which descends a narrow fringe in soft petunia colourings. Beautiful colour effects are achieved, too, by the double-sided gros-grain ribbons, in scarlet and gold, jade and ivory, or black and white. They are usually twined negligently round the crown, springing into bold fans or *choux*, skillfully revealing the harmonising colours.

Shopping for Goodwood and Deauville.

A multitude of fascinating accessories will add to the brilliance of the Goodwood meeting this season, and nowhere can there be found more alluring affairs than at Jay's, Regent Street, W., who are responsible for those pictured on this page. The demure little sunshade of black lace with its quaint Early Victorian handle of ivory (which, by the way, is perfectly genuine) is a serious rival to the seductive taffeta edged with drooping ostrich feathers. On the left is a lovely scarf of crimson georgette pleated and edged with ostrich feathers.



Rich embroideries of every hue enhance this striking frock of blue bouclette edged with green artificial silk, which must be placed to the credit of Jay's.

Incidentally, the summer sale at Jay's continues until the end of this month, and it is a splendid opportunity to acquire these and numberless other irresistible "finishing touches" of the same genre at exceptionally tempting prices. Beautiful lancer feather ruffles, curled and uncurled, have been reduced from 4½ to 3½ guineas, available in many lovely colourings; and ostrich-feather ruffles, originally 3 guineas, can be secured now at 52s. 6d. Diminutive sunshades and *en-tout-cas* in vivid hues can be obtained from 20s. upwards, and handmade beaded bags in wonderful massed colourings are being offered at 35s. each. Gloves are other important accessories, and Goodwood will welcome many decorative pairs, with richly embroidered gauntlets cut on original lines. Black kid embroidered with white and vice-versa are always effective, and these may be secured for 9s. 6d. at Jay's; while suède gloves, with petal-shaped gauntlets lined with contrasting shades, are 10s. 6d. during the sale.

Opportunities that Will Not Recur.

It is in order to make room for the autumn models during extensive rebuilding operations that Jay's are offering such a vast number of beautiful models at practically half the usual prices, and it is an opportunity which should on no account be neglected. There are striking frocks of silk bouclette, heavily embroidered in Oriental and Egyptian colourings, ranging from 8 guineas. They are suitable for almost every occasion, and the one pictured here is of dark-blue edged with green artificial silk and embroidered in every colour of the rainbow. The effective coat on the left is expressed in a white knitted material, embroidered with yellow.

[Continued overleaf.]

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Scotch Tweeds From Across the Border.

It is always a source of boundless satisfaction to own a perfectly tailored coat and skirt of real Scotch tweed. The two models on this page need no further proof of their sterling qualities than the fact that they hail from Greensmith Downes, George Street, Edinburgh. The Invegan, pictured on the left, and the Sutherland, on the right, can be obtained in Scotch tweed for £7 7s. (either made to measure or ready to wear); in suitings or 1914 homespuns, for £4 17s. 6d.; and in Shetland tweed for £8 8s. This firm are making a speciality of these well-cut and perfectly finished tweeds, which



Ideal for the coming Scottish season is this well-cut tweed coat and skirt sponsored by Greensmith Downes, George Street, Edinburgh.

are ideal for country and sports wear. All readers should apply for patterns, which will be sent gratis and post free on request, as well as an illustrated catalogue. It must be noted also that Shetlands, real Scotch tweeds, and homespun materials can be obtained by the yard, if desired, ranging from 7s. 6d. upwards. Perfectly cut tweed sports skirts can be obtained for 59s. 6d., in several different styles, which are illustrated in the catalogue. Each type has been created to combine the maximum usefulness with the requirements of fashion and comfort. It must not be forgotten that "woollies" of every description are another speciality of Greensmith Downes; coats and skirts in Botany wool, knitted in effective checked patterns, can be obtained for £5 5s., and useful pure wool frocks are 39s. 6d., prettily embroidered in contrasting colours.

Furniture Ancient and Modern.

Collecting pieces of furniture is an enthralling hobby, and I advise everyone who is interested in it to visit the show-rooms of Gill and Reigate, 77, Oxford Street, W. This firm are famed for their wonderful old furniture, and for the perfect reproductions which are made in their own work-rooms, and are absolutely solid throughout. Sketched on this page is a unique eighteenth-century chair, one of an original drawing-room suite from Dingley Hall, Market Harborough. The set is quite complete, built in beautifully carved mahogany and rich brocade. In the

centre is a reproduction of a Queen Anne landscape mirror in walnut and gilt. It is obtainable for £22 10s. An ingenious walnut magazine and paper stand can be secured for £11 10s.; and a mahogany bedside book-case with glass doors (£11) is another useful innovation. The garden furniture, built of solid unpainted oak, is certainly well worth a visit of inspection. It is constructed throughout with locking joints and oak pegs, there being no screws or nails to rust and tear light summer frocks. A complete set, comprising a table and four chairs fitting compactly one into the other, can be obtained for £32. Each article can, however, be bought separately, if desired.

A Sale for the Housewife.

This is the last week of the sale at Waring and Gillow's, Oxford Street, W., and no time should be lost before securing some of the many gilt-edged investments which are offered. Lace curtains of every description can be obtained at bargain prices, ranging from 4s. 11d. a pair; and reproductions of decorative real lace panel curtains have been reduced to 10s. 6d. each—half their original cost. Hair mattresses can also be secured at considerably reduced prices, ranging from £2, size 2 ft. by 6 ft. There is a special offer of plain hemmed cotton sheets, size 2 by 3 yards, at the modest price of 12s. 9d. a pair; and real Witney blankets, guaranteed all pure wool, can be secured from 21s. 9d. a pair (size 60 in. by 80 in.), to 41s. 6d. (size 82 in. by 102 in.) Effective Indian printed bedspreads in Oriental colourings and designs have been drastically "cut" to the surprisingly low sum of 6s. 11d. each, single-bed size, and 10s. 9d. double. Those of Irish embroidered longcloth are only 15s. 11d., reduced from 21s. 6d. Then many thousands of yards of handsome Axminster carpeting

are being offered at 7s. 11d. a yard, and seamless Axminster carpets range from £3 9s. 6d. to £9 12s. 6d. in all sizes and colourings. A sale catalogue containing many other golden opportunities will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

Advance Models in the Sale.

Now is the time to seize the earliest opportunity of visiting Ninette, 79, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., for their sale is in full swing, and included in it are several advance models, as well as a multitude of this season's most attractive frocks reduced to sacrificial prices. It is almost impossible to discriminate amongst so many gilt-edged investments, for at Ninette's there is always a diversity of attractive models of every description, each different from the other. The extensive collection now offered in the sale, however, includes fascinating little summer frocks for all occasions from 3½ guineas; and well-tailored coats and skirts for the country and early autumn can be obtained from 4½ guineas upwards. Evening gowns and filmy dance frocks, which play an important part in the holiday wardrobe, have suffered the same ruthless reductions, and offer alluring possibilities to the most restricted pocket.

A Sale of Linen.

The end of this week concludes the sale at the National Linen Company, 130, New Bond Street, W., when household linens, lace curtains, handkerchiefs, etc.,

This perfectly tailored coat and skirt of lightly checked Scotch tweed must be placed to the credit of Greensmith Downes, 143, George Street, Edinburgh.

are being offered at greatly reduced prices. There is still time, however, to secure some of the beautiful damask table-cloths which are offered at 21s. each (size 2 by 2 yards), and the napkins to match, at 31s. 6d. a dozen. Fine Irish linen hemstitched towels have been reduced from 49s. 6d. to 31s. 6d. a dozen. One can never possess too many handkerchiefs, and the prudent woman will avail herself of this opportunity to secure some at bargain prices. This firm's famous Irish linen veined handkerchiefs can be obtained from 9s. 11d. a dozen; while 17s. 9d. secures those with embroidered initials.

Remnants Made Up.

What to do with sale remnants is a problem that is confronting the majority, so I shall be pleased to send, on application, the name and address of a dressmaker who will make them up.

[Continued on page xviii.]



The fortunate possessor of furniture from Gill and Reigate's, 77, Oxford Street, W., may well be proud of this unique eighteenth-century mahogany chair and the Queen Anne landscape mirror in walnut and gilt.

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne

Preserving Charm.

Even more alluring than beauty of features or dress is the preservation of charm.

"4711" Eau de Cologne not only enhances one's personal charm, but is a silent tribute to the superlative refinement of taste.

Ask for "4711"

(BLUE AND GOLD LABEL)

Over 130 Years Reputation for
GUARANTEED PURITY
FULL STRENGTH and
LASTING FRAGRANCE

The little watch-shaped bottles will be found very useful at outdoor functions; a timely inhalation quickly restores freshness and energy.

Obtainable from all Dealers in High-Class Perfumes.



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You have only
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Let your next Transformation be a "Nicol" production and you will know the joy of feeling perfectly satisfied with your coiffure.

A visit to our Showrooms is requested, or postiches can be sent on approval.

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Permanent Waving of ladies' own hair by an entirely new process without use of electric heaters.

The "Nonetta Parting" Transformation (your "friend in need") Price from 15 Guineas. Toupet from 7 Guineas.

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Established 1766.

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Genuine Reductions
Guaranteed Qualities
Now Proceeding.

A NOTABLE BARGAIN

SH 13 X

Attractive 'Walpole'
Tennis Frock
of Drawn Canvas

designed with kimono sleeves and pleats in skirt to permit that freedom of movement so necessary. Special features are the side panels of reverse stripes, self belt to tie and two pockets. Colours: Grey, Cherry, Saxe, Mauve, Beige, White and Black. Sizes: 44/14 and 46/14½.

Sale Price

37/6

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The "VALLETORT."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest dressy "Sou'wester." This new Hat which will withstand any weather, is most beautifully hand-made and stitched throughout in fancy silk on one side, lined black satin and can be worn inside out if desired. In a variety of plain and fancy colours, and any combination desired. Unobtainable Elsewhere. Price 73/6

New Illustrated Catalogue on application, post free.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved. N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.



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ONE SHILLING

It is as wonderful and as full
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See what you get for One Shilling:

Sixteen Pages in Colour

Eight New Stories

Pathetic, Tragic, Humorous and Sensational

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SERIOUS DRAWINGS BY

S. H. Sime
Lewis Baumer
Fred Pegram
William Ablett

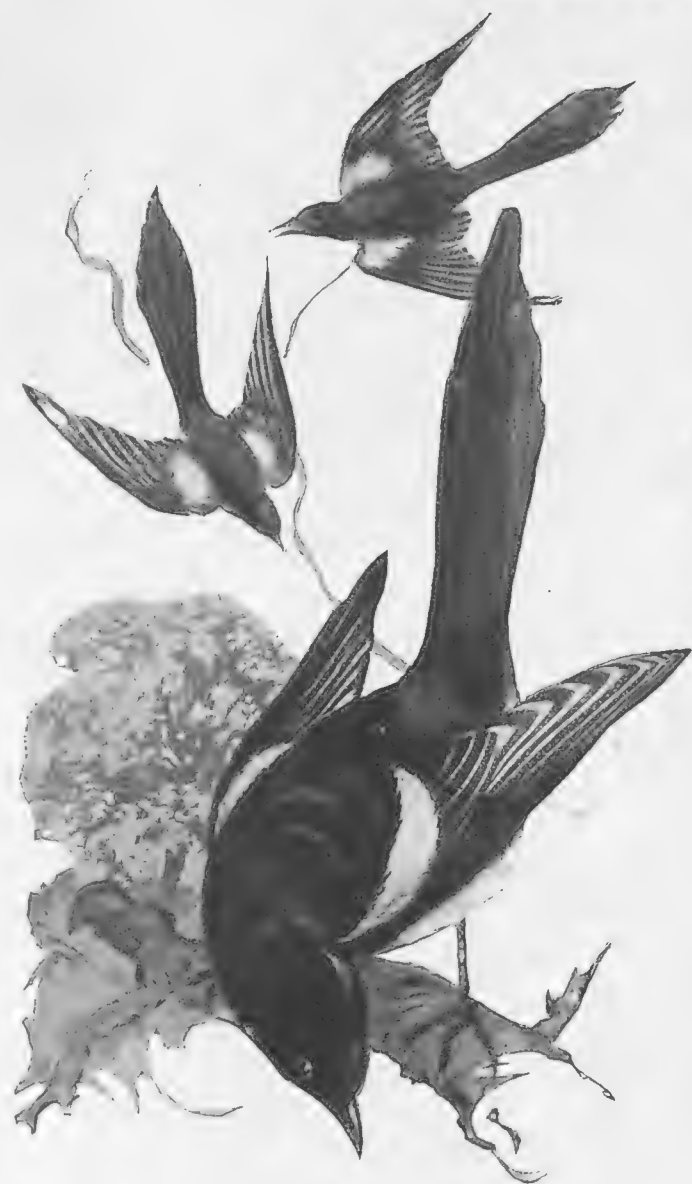
Webster Murray
Miarko
Suzanne Meunier
Gilbert Rumbold

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS:

Smithson Broadhead
Warwick Reynolds

Steven Spurrier
G. L. Stampa

W. R. S. Stott



HUMOROUS DRAWINGS BY

G. E. Studdy
J. A. Shepherd
Arthur Watts
Wallis Mills
Alfred Leete
Bert Thomas
Will Owen

Webster Murray
John Kettelwell
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Wilmot Lunt
London
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The Best Companion for your Holidays.

NOW ON SALE.

ONE SHILLING.

Obtainable at all Newsagents and Bookstalls; or from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.2

Miss Sybil Thorndike

whose genius and wonderful popularity give intense interest to what she says on womanly charm, writes:—

"I find Snowfire Cream most pleasant to use and very soothing to the skin."

You will soon experience a fascinating difference in the texture of your skin if you use

Snowfire CREAM

because, in a way impossible with ordinary face creams, it cleanses the pores, nourishes the tissue, and revitalises tired facial muscles. Snowfire Cream brings out delightfully that natural bloom which is the ideal of womanly loveliness. Refreshing, fragrant and soothing, it is non-greasy, non-sticky, and does not promote growth of hair.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

Sold in handsome opal jars for the dressing table, price 1/3

Also in a new aluminium container specially made for the handbag, price 3d.



CORRECT STYLE —QUALITY— Moderate Prices

These are the three essentials of successful tailoring service upon which our reputation is established. We are satisfied only when you are.

LOUNGE SUITS £7-7-0

For Town or Country.

Patterns and Prices
forwarded on request.

AIREY & WHEELER
129 REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1.
ESTD 1883.

Phone
REGENT 3664



BRITISH EMPIRE
EXHIBITION
Exhibit No. 53.

Motor and Cycle
Section, Palace of
Engineering.

The CLASSIC CALCOTT

A Significant Signature

JUST as the name Vandyke stamps a painting as a masterpiece, so the name Calcott on the radiator of a car indicates to all discriminating motorists high quality and renowned reliability. The 119h.p. Calcott Two-Seater illustrated is a car that satisfies the owner-driver because of its roominess, comfort, and reliability, its highly efficient engine, noiseless transmission, all-weather protection and completeness of equipment. The engine is of larger dimensions than the famous "Ten," giving that reserve of power so desirable in really difficult country. Price complete £345.

Dunlop Tyres are fitted as standard.
Write for Catalogue illustrating Models.
CALCOTT BROS., LTD., COVENTRY.

Established 1885.
London Agents: Eustace Watkins, Ltd.,
or, New Bond Street, W.1 (corner of Oxford
Street), Distributors, Service and Spare Parts.



H.P.

July Sale.

Great Reductions in Lingerie.
Children's Frocks, Baby Linen.

Entire Stock of our Fine Quality Goods is to be cleared.
Exceptional opportunity for best goods at bargain prices.

Sale Circular on request. Also on Sale

Fine Real Laces, Embroideries & Handkerchiefs.

A Large Stock of REAL FLEMISH, FILET, CLUNY and IRISH LACE will be marked at great reductions to clear, for Lingerie and Dresses.

Embroidered and Fancy Handkerchiefs in half-dozen packets—15/- to 35/- the half-dozen. Plain H.S. Handkerchiefs from 10/6 dozen.

Lengths of Antique Lace from 21/- to £30. Some remarkable bargains.

Remnants of good Imitation Laces,
2/6 to 35/-.

Real Lace Modesty Slips, Collars,
Scarves, Berthes, much reduced.

Remnants—Lovely Real Lace at
Bargain Prices—21/- to £30 the
piece.

Babies' Frocks, Robes, and all Baby
Garments at much reduced prices.
Also Ladies' Dressing and Tea Gowns
and Jackets, underlinen and Children's
Frocks.

Remnants of Embroideries and
Trimming Laces for Lingerie and
Baby Clothes.

Odd and discontinued patterns.
Send for a parcel for selection.

Also Embroidered Flouncings for
Baby Robes and Children's Frocks.
Great reductions.

Some beautiful Lace Scarves, Wedding Veils, Lace Collars, Ladies' Nightdresses, Cami-knickers, Chemises, Children's Frocks, Baby Linen, Dressing Gowns and Jackets, etc., at Bargain Prices.

The favour of a visit is solicited. Any goods sent on approval.

P. STEINMANN & CO., 185, 186, Piccadilly, London, W.1

French-Swiss House. Founded 1865. 1st Floor. Not a shop.





Madame
Elizabeth
Eve

To remain youthful is quite simple

Madame EVE's scientific facial exercises will prevent or remove the disfiguring signs of advancing years. Let her send you full particulars.

London, W.2.
Dear Madame,
You may remember my name as one of your clients and I am happy to say that your exercises have been most successful. My face looks years younger than it did, and my daughter has also benefited from your treatment.
Yours truly,

NO CONSULTATION FEE.

Call, write or 'phone for new Booklet giving full particulars.

Mme. ELIZABETH EVE,
5w, No. 55, Berners Street,
London, W.1.

('Phone - - Museum 3329.)

MADEIRA UNDERWEAR

Beautifully Hand Embroidered, direct from importer. Nainsook camisoles 12/-, chemises 12/-, knickers 15/-, nightdresses 25/-; sets from 70/-. In rich Crêpe-de-Chine, about double these prices.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

A. S. LOPES, 20, Charles Street,
Bradford (Yorks.)

NEW AUTUMN CLOTHES

At Reduced Prices during the Sale

With a view to keeping our workers fully employed during the last few weeks, we have made up a number of Coats, Coats and Skirts, Coat Frocks and Dresses which have been specially designed for the forthcoming Season. These garments are made from

the finest quality materials, and we feel confident that in offering new and fashionable Autumn clothes during our Sale at these exceptionally low prices we are taking a step which will meet with the approval of the majority of our customers.



SMART AFTERNOON FROCK in good quality marocain, cut with draped front, finished at waist with fancy buckle and on collar with band of white fur, skirt with godet frill at back. In black and a good range of colours.

Special Sale Price £5 18 6

MATRON'S COAT FROCK in fine quality repp, cut with wrap-over front, and fastening with novelty tie belt, handsomely embroidered long roll collar, cuffs, collar and edge in self and contrasting colours. In navy, black and a good range of colours.

Special Sale Price £5 18 6

COAT AND SKIRT in good quality gabardine; coat cut on jumper lines, with pique vest slip and cuffs, and finished all round with braid trimming in various widths; skirt with plain top and button and buttonhole trimming to match coat. In navy, black and a good range of colours.

Special Price 8½ Guineas.

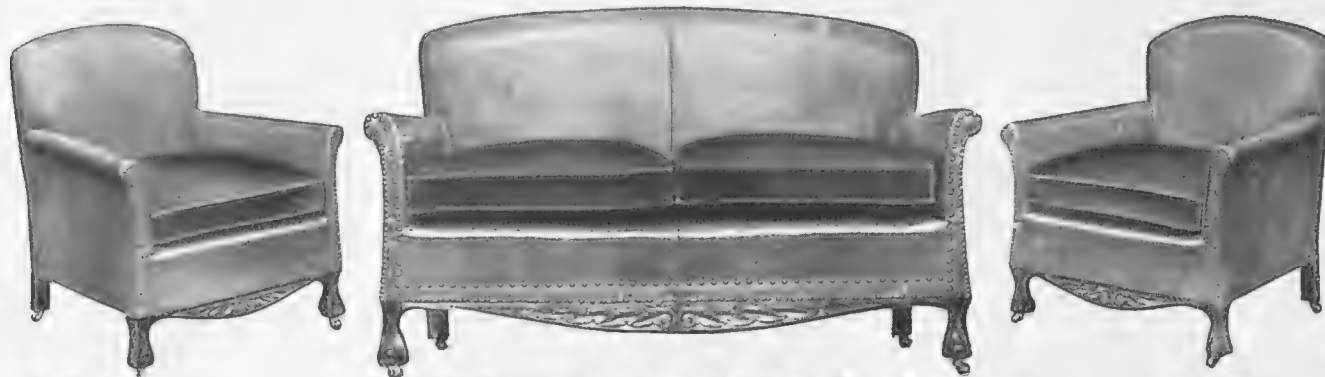
WELL-TAILORED COAT, suitable for country and sea-side wear, in fine quality striped teddy bear cloth, cut on thoroughly practical lines and finished with pocket and narrow belt, lined throughout with crêpe-de-Chine to tone. In black and a large range of new colours.

Special Sale Price 6½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Oxford Street & Vere Street, London, W.1



3-piece LEATHER SUITE

Antique Colour, fitted with Brown Velveteen. Loose Cushions well filled feather. Well sprung, richly carved fronts to chairs and settee.

SALE PRICE

£19:19

Gamages Great SALE now Proceeding

WONDERFUL FURNITURE BARGAINS. GENUINE REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

Fashions, Household Furnishings, Drapery, Garden Furniture, Toys, Live Pets, etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED SALE BOOK FREE.

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

The Complete Course for Slenderness

as practised by
the slimmest ladies
of France & Britain

YOU will find it easy and pleasant enough to conquer fatness by the now celebrated Clark's Slendering Course.

That this treatment is *certain* is vouched for by the thousands once too fat; now living pictures of slender grace.

If you would be naturally slim, why hesitate another moment? 20/- sent to Heppells will bring you the Complete Treatment—12 packets of Clark's Thinning Bath Salts; a Large Pot of Reducing Paste and a Box of Laxative Thinning Pastilles.

Once your superfluous tissue has been gently reduced in this manner, your newly regained slenderness can always be maintained by

CLARK'S Thinning BATH SALTS

which also prevent all unpleasant body odours and excessive perspiration. Obtainable at Chemists and Stores, 1/3 a Packet (12 for 13/6) or post free direct from the Sole British Agents:

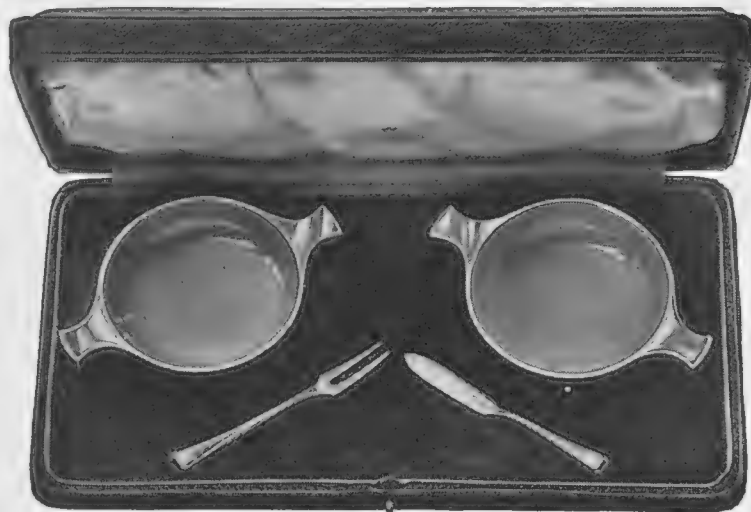
Heppells

Chemists.

164, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.
and at Brighton.

Descriptive Booklet Post Free.

Colonial Agents:
South Africa - Lennon, Ltd.
India - Smith, Stanistreet & Co.



THE QUAICH IS A VESSEL PECULIAR TO SCOTLAND where it has been in common use for centuries and for every conceivable purpose, sacred and secular.

We illustrate our latest adaptation, a pair of "Quaich" Butter Dishes complete with knife and fork in case, or if required you can have a single dish equally cased.

These Quaichs are well made, heavier than usual, and while of sterling silver the alloy includes no copper, so that cleaning is reduced to a minimum.

They appear peculiarly appropriate as Presents on marriage or other occasions because of their utility, interesting on account of their ancient Scottish origin.

Each Quaich bears the hall mark of Edinburgh, Scotland.



We respectfully request remittance with order. We guarantee refundment in full if not approved.

Pair of Butter Dishes in case as illustrated £5 5 0

Single Butter Dish in case with knife or fork £2 16 0



BROOK & SON

Manufacturing Jewellers & Silversmiths,
GEORGE ST. WEST, EDINBURGH.

NICOLL'S SALE THIS WEEK

**TAILORED COSTUMES,
THREE-PIECE GOWNS,
COAT-FROCKS, WRAPS,
AND OVERCOATS**

designed on the latest lines in
the best quality materials, at

PRICES BARELY COVERING COST

COATS AND SKIRTS

A wide variety of plain models suitable for Town or Country, in Scotch Cheviots, Serges, Homespuns, and Suitings.

Usual Prices 9 & 9½ Gns. **SALE PRICE 6 Gns.**

SERGE COSTUMES

"Cranley," a smart Town model. Coat on semi-fitting lines, with roll collar and long revers; panelled skirt.

Usual Price 14 Gns. **SALE PRICE 8½ Gns.**

CASHMERE SUITS

Smartly tailored Coats and Skirts in White Cashmere with black stripe.

Usual Price 11 Gns. **SALE PRICE 6 Gns.**

3-PIECE GOWNS

"Mirette," a picturesque design in Blue Tricotine and Jade Green Crêpe-de-Chine. Coat on sac lines, finished piped seams, bell cuffs, loops and buttons. Collar faced Crêpe.

Original Price 18 Gns. **SALE PRICE 12 Gns.**

TOWN COSTUMES

"Florent," an exquisite design in a fine quality Putty Gabardine. Coat cut with semi-sac back, panelled front and back, and finished with long roll revers, tabs and buttons. Skirt with narrow panel at sides.

Original Price 14 Gns. **SALE PRICE 8 Gns.**

TWEED OVERCOATS

"Glenella," a warm and protective coat for travel or everyday use, on D.B. lines with long revers and button belt. Nicoll's Marle Fleeces.

Usual Price 9 Gns. **SALE PRICE 6½ Gns.**

TRAVEL COATS

"Hurst," a big roomy coat with deep sleeves, patch pockets and storm collar. Tweeds, Fleeces, and Blanket Cloths.

Usual Price 8 Gns. **SALE PRICE 5 Gns.**

NICOLL HABITS AT SALE PRICES

During the SUMMER SALE Nicoll's can supply perfectly tailored Habits in Meltons, Cheviots, Coverts, or Whipcords, at especially reduced prices.

SIDE-SADDLE HABITS
from 15½ Gns.

RIDE-ASTRIDE HABITS
from 14 Gns.

H. J. NICOLL & CO.

114-120 REGENT ST. W.1
and John Dalton Street, Manchester.



**FULL
SALE
LIST
POST
FREE**

WRAP-COATS

"Le Corsia," as illustrated, designed with straight back, wing-cape and deep-rucked shawl collar.

Usual Price 10 Gns. **SALE PRICE 7 Gns.**



SPORTS SUITS

"Bentley," as illustrated, a practical model for Golf, Shooting, or general Country wear, in a wide choice of Tweeds.

Usual Price 15 Gns. **SALE PRICE 8½ Gns.**

"CHARM"

Woman's sweetest attribute

This magic power to fascinate is certainly far from unattainable. Thousands of women have proved that a skin without blemish, fine in texture, smooth, soft and delicate-looking, can be acquired by massage.

Pond's Cold Cream, massaged gently into the pores each night, cleanses far more efficiently than soap and water. It also feeds the skin, prevents lines and roughness, and imparts a clear, smooth and supple appearance to the sage wipe off any surplus cream with a soft towel, and note how the dirt is brought away; to remain in the pores to feed and beautify the skin while you sleep.

Pond's Vanishing Cream—a day cream which should be used whenever occasion demands—requires no massage, protects the skin against sunburn and freckles, and has a remarkable freshening as well as beautifying effect.

FREE SAMPLES

Pond's Extract Company will send on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream containing a liberal supply.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores in Opal Jars at 1/3 and 2/6, and in collapsible tubes at 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-. The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes 2/6.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1.



Pond's Cold Cream

Sale Catalogue will be sent Post Free.

WALPOLE'S IRISH LINENS

The finest the world produces.

We pay Carriage within the British Isles.

NOW IN PROGRESS

Summer Sale

Genuine Reductions
Guaranteed Qualities

NOW IN PROGRESS

NAPKINS

All Linen Dinner Napkins. Double Damask. Size 24 x 24 in.

Sale Price
18/9 doz.



TOWELS

Fine All Linen Hemmed Huck Towels.

Size 24 x 40 in.
Sale Price
23/9 doz.

COTTON BEDSPREAD.

No. 55. Cotton Bedspread. Real Irish Embroidery. Charming design, on good quality material. Sale Prices, Size 72 x 90 in. **21/-**, 90 x 100 in. **26/9** Each.

108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8
175 & 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

PRICE 3/6

BONZO'S STAR TURNS

THE

Fifth Studdy Dogs Portfolio.

The most humorous of them all.

8 PLATES IN COLOURS

ON

Art Brown Plate-sunk Mount.

ORDER YOUR COPIES EARLY.

ON SALE AT

All W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and Branches.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S LAST WEEK OF SALE

Final Reductions Commencing NEXT MONDAY

*Wonderful Bargains
in our High Grade Goods*



15 MODEL FUR COATS in Persian Lamb, Sable dyed Squirrel, of which one sketched in natural winter mole-skins, with collar, cuffs and flounce of dyed Flying Squirrel to tone is an example.
Original Price ... 79 to 98 Gns.
Finally Reduced to **49 Gns.**



36 ONLY, COATS AND SKIRTS, made from good quality materials in various designs, of which sketch in tan repp, handsomely embroidered in several colours, is an example.
Usual Prices ... 6½ to 8½ Gns.
Finally Reduced to **69/6**



50 ONLY, ATTRACTIVE WHITE KNITTED SUITS, as sketch, in wool with stripes and binding in artificial silk; a most useful Suit for Tennis and Sports wear. In a few colours only.
Usual Price ... 6 Gns.
Finally Reduced to **52/6**



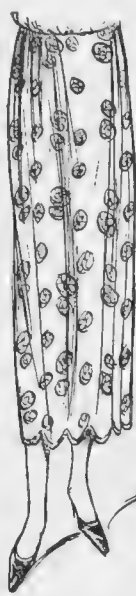
100 TEA GOWNS, having the wide panels in metal brocade lined chiffon, side drapery in georgette trimmed self brocade. In green/gold, lux red/gold, rose/silver, purple/gold, cherry/gold, orange/gold, blue/silver.
Usual Price ... 8½ Gns.
Finally Reduced to **£5 19 6**



INEXPENSIVE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE NIGHTGOWN, trimmed fine lace and hemstitching. In ivory, peach, sky, mauve, pink, champagne.
Finally Reduced to **25/9**



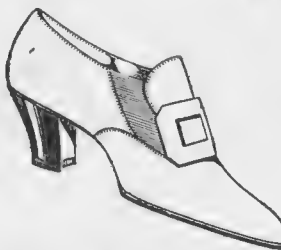
ATTRACTIVE OVER-BLOUSE in fancy marocain in distinctive colourings, and designs, simple style.
Usual Price ... 18/0
Finally Reduced to **15/9**



COUNTRY PETTICOAT in good quality Shantung; various patterns and designs, simple style.
Usual Price ... 18/0
Finally Reduced to **13/9**



SMART 2-BAR SHOE in grey and fawn suède, all sizes in stock.
Usual Price ... 52/6
Finally Reduced to **18/9**



100 PAIRS SMART GLACÉ KID AND PATENT CALF BUCKLE SHOE (elastic gusset).
Usual Price ... 42/-
Finally Reduced to **29/6**




100 ONLY, PURE SILK MILANESE VESTS, edged with fine Malines Lace, in white, pink, sky, lemon.
Price ... 15/- to 20/-
Finally Reduced to **14/9**



100 CHILDREN'S KNITTED DRESSES, various shapes, of which sketch is an example. Sizes: 18 months to 3 years.
Price ... 15/- to 20/-
Finally Reduced to **7/6**

Remnant Days THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, Vere St. & Oxford St., London, W.1



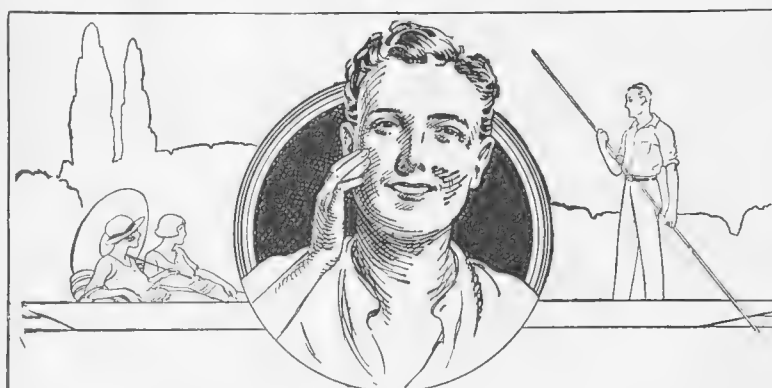
EDUCATION

SHELL-MEX. LTD., SHELL CORNER.
KINGSWAY, LONDON

£530

IN PRIZES!

Ask your garage for free coloured booklet giving particulars of Competition for Prizes amounting to £530, for the best names submitted by motorists for the motoring character depicted in the above series of advertisements.



The open-air life of summer won't make your skin sore to the razor if you use Vinolia.

The Vinolia lather makes the beard so submissive that the razor takes it off flush with the skin without causing the least irritation.

Note the new domed top. Smooth to the cheek from the first—no hard edges to wear down.



BRITISH MADE,
BRITISH OWNED

Vinolia
SHAVING SOAP

Soothes the Skin—Makes the Razor Glide

In aluminium cases 1/3
Refills in cartons 1/-
Cream in tubes 1/6

Own a **SINGER**
and be satisfied

A Story of Satisfaction
from AN OWNER.

June 14, 1924.

"IS there a four-seater car on the market under, or even over, £250 which has the following advantages?"

LEATHER UPHOLSTERY
40 M.P.G. 50 M.P.H.
REALLY PERFECT LIGHT
ALL-WEATHER EQUIPMENT.

I have just decided to buy one of your De Luxe Four-Seaters at £235, after seeing EVERY other make on the market at or under £250. Yours is the ONLY ONE with these advantages."

The original of this letter may be seen at our Coventry offices.

Rotax Lighting and Starting Equipment. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

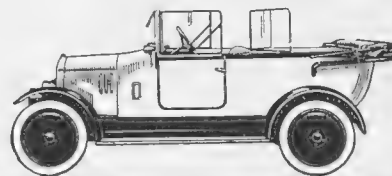
SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms: 17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

London Service Depot:

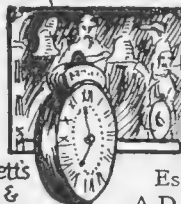
York Works, Brewery Road, Holloway, N.7.

The Story of the Singer is always
a Story of Satisfaction.



H.P.

A City Landmark



Bennett's
Gog &
Magog
Clock

Estd.
A.D. 1750

Visitors to England
are invited to inspect
our large selection
of famous

WATCHES

Made specially to suit any climate, perfectly damp and dust proof, supreme Timekeepers.

If unable to call, write for catalogue of Watches, Clocks & Jewellery.

Sir John Bennett Ltd
65, Cheapside, London, E.C.

and 14, Kensington High Street
(Next door to Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel).

Doctors' Special



The real "Spirit of Comradeship" is in every drop of "Doctors' Special." A fine old Scotch Whisky—delightfully soft and mellow. The best of good company, and a tonic at all times.

The Aristocrat of Scotch whiskies
always makes good friends.

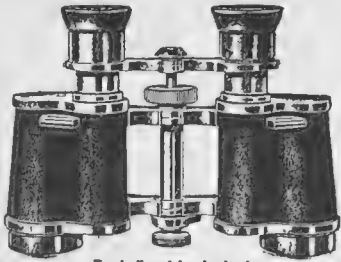
R. McNISH & CO., LTD.,
Glasgow, Scotland.



SECOND-HAND PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

By all the World-famed makers:
Zeiss, Goerz, Colmont, Lemaire,
Hensholdt, etc.

Wonderful Bargains at less than Makers' Prices.



Trade Enquiries Invited

£3 12 6 Binoculars. 20 gn. model.
8x. by Colmont. Extra
large object lens, giving large field of view,
bending bar screw and separate eyepiece
focus, great penetrative power, name of
ship distinctly read three miles from shore,
in solid leather sling case, week's free trial.
Great Bargain, £3 12 6. Approval with
pleasure. We hold a large stock of second-
hand Glasses, all in new condition, by Zeiss,
Goerz, Colmont, Lemaire, Hensholdt,
Voigtlander, Leitz, Busch, &c., from £1 1 0
to £9 9 0 a pair.

LIST SENT POST FREE.

DAVIS

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*Masters
the Hair*

1/6 and 2/6 PER BOTTLE
FROM ALL CHEMISTS
HAIRDRESSERS
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ANZORA

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO. LTD.
WILLESDEN LANE, LONDON N.W.6

DIURETIC MINERAL WATER

VITTEL
GRANDE SOURCE

The treatment for
URIC ACID,
GOUT, GRAVEL,
KIDNEY & LIVER
TROUBLES.

Recommended
by Physicians.

20 MILLION BOTTLES
SOLD YEARLY.

From Hotels, Restaurants, Chemists, and
The Apollinaris Co., Ltd.,
4, STRATFORD PLACE, W.1

THE VITTEL MINERAL WATER CO.,
31 CHARLOTTE STREET, W.1.

Barclay's London Lager

is the only Lager Beer supplied to
the British Empire Exhibition

Light or Dark
with the real
Lager flavour



BREWED BY BARCLAY, PERKINS & CO LTD, SOUTHWARK. S.E.1

John Hancock

CARTRIDGE PEN

A FOUNTAIN PEN on an entirely new principle. Fills in a second with a sealed cartridge of liquid ink. Anywhere, any time. No ink bottle is required—in fact, the perfect pen at last. Three cartridges are supplied with each pen, ink for 30,000 words. Extra cartridges 1/- per packet of three. From ALL Stores, Stationers, etc., or 25/6 post free, on seven days' approval from McCORQUODALE & CO., Ltd., 63, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2.





Summer Sale
LAST WEEK

SPECIAL OFFER
New Corsette.
Type 497.
In pink cotton,
fastening with hook
& eyes down centre
back, four hose
supporters.
size 32 to 40 ins
bust measure
Sale Price 14/9

DICKINS & JONES LTD.
REGENT STREET.
LONDON. W. 1

Sale ends on Saturday
next, July 19th.
Final reductions in
all Departments.

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET,
LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.
Established 1766.

Summer Sale

Genuine Reductions
Guaranteed Qualities
Now Proceeding

**SPECIAL QUALITY
SHANTUNG SILK
WRAPPER**

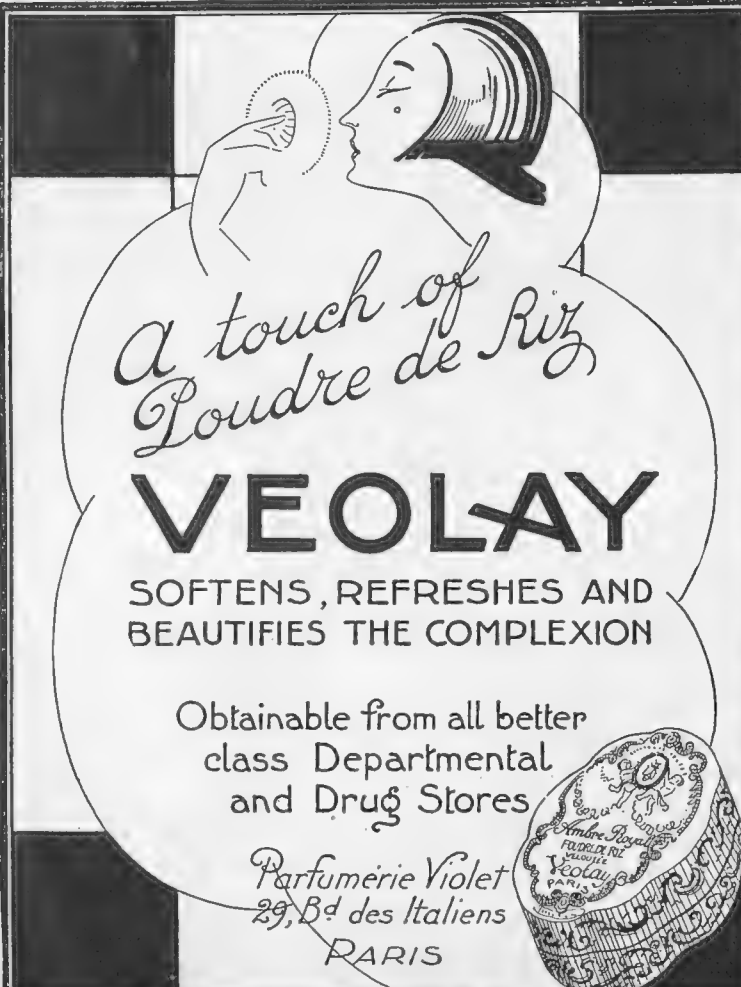
in a delightfully original design,
having bright blending shades on
natural and coloured grounds. An
ideal garment for travelling or
holiday wear, as it folds into
such a small space. The perfect
"Walpole" cut and finish, to-
gether with the excellent material,
create an exceptional
Bargain at the
Sale Price of .. **35/11**



Sale
Catalogue
will be
sent post
free.

We Pay
Carriage
within the
British Isles.

SC 188



*a touch of
Poudre de Riz*

VEOLAY

SOFTENS, REFRESHES AND
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

Obtainable from all better
class Departmental
and Drug Stores

Parfumerie Violet
29, Bd des Italiens
PARIS

SUN CANOPIES.
"Leveson" Canopies
fit all Prams whatever
the make, and there are
many dainty models
now in stock at the
John Ward shops.

Please call or write for
List No. 53.

JOHN WARD, Ltd.
26, KNIGHTSBRIDGE
London S.W.1.



"LEVESON"

Enos

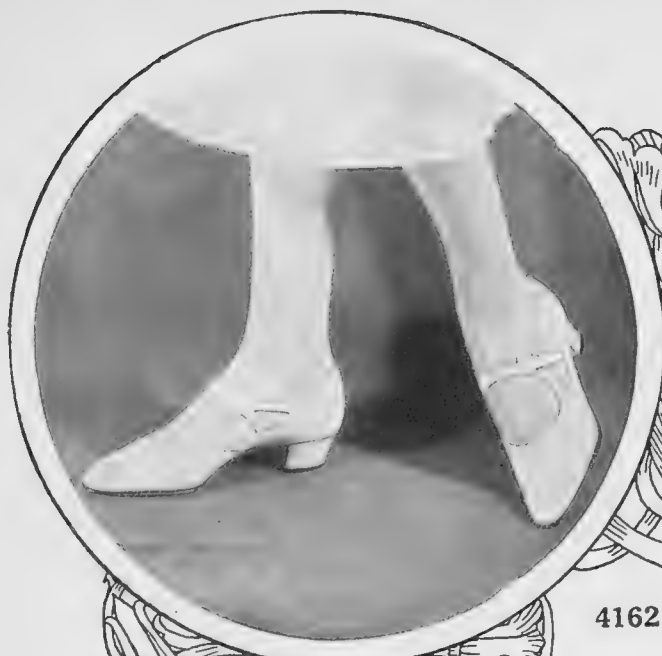
HATS
GOWNS
LINGERIE
SPORTS CLOTHES

COURT DRESSMAKERS
MILLINERS

Original
Models &
The LATEST
from PARIS

Exhibition Daily

103 Mount Street,
Mayfair, London.



4162



4167

White Shoes

THE very words bring visions of cool, shady Lawns, the Paddock, a quiet backwater on the River. The five shoes selected are designed to set off the trim lines of this Season's Dresses.

Though white shoes are of interest here, it may be noted that a few of each model are issued in almost every leather.

4162 A neat shoe in soft white deer-skin with smart, American, covered heel

49/6

4167 A distinctive shoe with elastic instep bar. In white buck with white kid strappings and Louis heel

29/6

4220 A new French model in white buck with white kid sandal strappings

29/6

4168 A stylish white buck shoe with buck strappings and Louis heel. In 2 and 3 fittings

49/6

4158 White buck semi-brogued walking shoe, American Cuban heel

32/6

Advance photographs of 40 or more exclusive White Shoe models to be worn this Season have been collated and are now on issue. A copy can be had post free on request.

ASK FOR CATALOGUE A

Lilley & Skinner Ltd

The Fashion Shoe Shop
358-360, Oxford Street, W.1.

opposite Bond Street Tube
Phone: Mayfair 1904 & 1905



4220



4168



4158

O'er Hill and Dale to Scotland

West Coast Route from Euston
Midland from St. Pancras

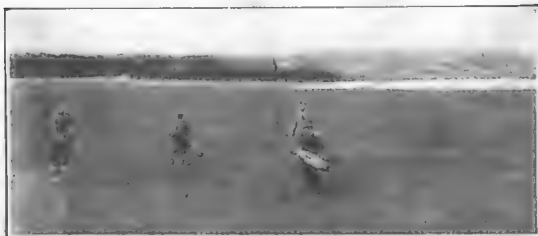
Both are beautiful. Both are L M S.

Go one way and return the other (you may do that if you like) and see the summer glory of the English countryside roll itself out before you like the Pageant of the Sun. L M S to Scotland is smooth and even running.

L M S to Scotland is quickest and most direct.

Extra Summer Service on July 14

L M S



HARDLOTT
PLAGE
Picardy

THE GRAND HOTEL

All comfort.
First-class Hotel.
120 bedrooms.

Four hours from
London.

9 miles from Boulogne
and Le Touquet.

STATION OR
HARBOUR
BOULOGNE-ON-
SEA.

BEAUTIFUL
SANDY BEACH.

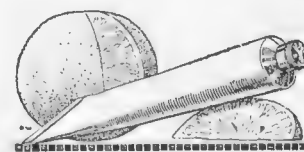
Golf, Tennis
All Sports

TEA DANCING
JAZZ - BAND

Regular Motor-
car Service to
Boulogne.

SAME MANAGEMENT

HOTEL
METROPOLE
NICE



YOU must use a dentifrice *because* clean, sound teeth are essential to health. Dentifrices are many—'Yadil' Dental Cream stands alone. It is strongly antiseptic, *because* it contains 8 per cent. of 'Yadil' Antiseptic. It cannot injure your gums, *because* 'Yadil' is the antiseptic which is absolutely non-caustic and harmless. It cleans and polishes your teeth without scratching the enamel, *because* it contains powerful cleansing agents but no grit. It is the pleasantest of all dentifrices, *because* it is flavoured with natural essence of orange made from the fresh fruit. You should use 'Yadil' Dental Cream regularly, *because* it strengthens your gums, prevents tartar and keeps your teeth clean and therefore healthy.

'YADIL' DENTAL CREAM

The Dentifrice with the Orange Flavour

All Chemists 1/6 per tube

No free samples given

Prepared exclusively by
CLEMENT & JOHNSON LIMITED
19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1

W.B.P.



EXCELSIOR HOTEL

Hotel de Luxe close to villa Borghese. 350 pr. apt. Rendezvous of Roman Society.

GRAND HOTEL

Hotel de Luxe—Quiet situation, yet near the Station—The meeting-place for all fashionable Americans.

NAPLES EXCELSIOR HOTEL

Unrivalled situation on the sea-front. Strictly an Hotel de Luxe. English and American Clientèle.

RAPALLO

(near Genoa)

New CASINO HOTEL

Ideal residence for Winter and Spring. Full south. Strictly first class. Open also in summer for sea-bathing. Casino.

STRESA

(Lac Maggiore)

GRAND HOTEL & DES ÎLES BORROMÉES

Hotel de Luxe. Finest situation. Delightful excursions. Station of the Simplon Express.

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Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York. Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Atlantic City. The Plaza Hotel, Buenos Aires.



HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI

The world-renowned Hostelry.

GRAND HOTEL

The leading House on the Grand Canal.

HOTEL REGINA & ROME

The High-Class Residential House.

HOTEL VITTORIA

Close to St. Mark's Sq. Moderate prices.

HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE

Nicely situated full south. Moderate prices.

LIDO VENICE

The finest sea shore of the World. Season, April-October.

EXCELSIOR PALACE HOTEL

Maison de Luxe—entirely up-to-date.

GRAND HOTEL des BAINS

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. 600 Beds.

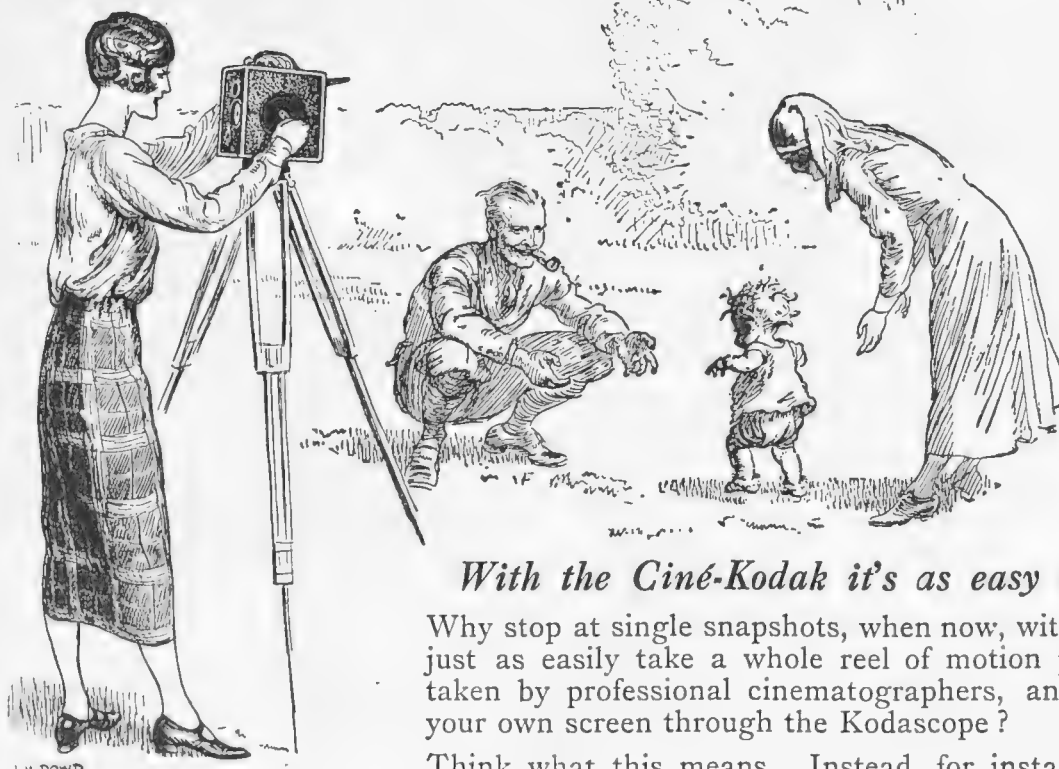
HOTEL VILLA REGINA

First-Class. Select and private.

GRAND HOTEL LIDO

First-Class Family House. Restaurant.

Cie Italienne des Grands Hotels—
ALFREDO CAMPIONE,
Managing Director.



Make your own Motion Pictures

With the Ciné-Kodak it's as easy as taking Snapshots

Why stop at single snapshots, when now, with the Ciné-Kodak, you can just as easily take a whole reel of motion pictures as good as those taken by professional cinematographers, and show them at home on your own screen through the Kodoscope?

Think what this means. Instead, for instance, of that one little still picture of Baby precariously balancing himself in his first attempt to walk, you can now revel over and over again in the full spectacle of that breathless adventure, from the moment the tottering hero first set forth, right through to the last triumphant tumble into the safety of loving arms. Don't you wish your parents had been able to take such a motion picture of you? And won't you in years to come love to run through the living representation of that tender scene again and again, with a grown man in your audience who was once the Baby of your picture?

"YOU TURN THE HANDLE—WE DO THE REST"

The Ciné-Kodak has triumphantly overcome all the difficulties that have hitherto stood in the way of motion photography by amateurs. A child can operate it, so perfect and "fool-proof" is its mechanism; and as it weighs but a few pounds, and folds up into a small compass, you can easily carry it about with you.

"You turn the handle, we do the rest." When you have taken your reel of pictures, all you have to do is to send it to Kodak Ltd. (either direct or through your dealer), whose experts promptly develop it, reverse it to a positive, and return it to you ready to be shown on the screen through your projector—the Kodoscope.

AS CHEAP AS ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHY

This expert service costs you nothing extra; it is included in the purchase price of your film. A 100 ft. Ciné-Kodak reel is equivalent to 250 ft. of ordinary film and will hold about 35 different subjects of adequate length, taking four minutes to show. This film, including developing and reversing, costs you £1 10s. od. Compare this with the cost of taking, developing and printing 35 single still subjects, and you will find that taking motion

pictures with your Ciné-Kodak actually costs you no more than ordinary photography. Only Safety Film (non-inflammable) is supplied, so that it can be "screened" without the necessity of taking any precautions. The Kodoscope, which is your projector, is just as simple in operation as the Ciné-Kodak. At a distance of 18 ft. from the screen it gives you a clear and brilliant picture measuring 40 by 30 inches.

A LENDING LIBRARY

To supplement the Ciné-Kodak pictures of your own taking, a Lending Library of cinematograph pictures—comedies, travel and educational films,

pictures for children, etc.—will shortly be started. These films, reduced to the size required for the Kodoscope, can be hired at a moderate charge.

A Ciné-Kodak outfit will be found of particular value by:

School Authorities
Factory Owners
Sports Clubs
Country House Owners
Hotels : Hospitals
Advertisers
Engineers : Institutions
Estate Agents
Etc., etc.

Make your own Motion Pictures with the
Ciné-Kodak

An illustrated booklet has been prepared giving full details and prices of the Ciné-Kodak and Kodoscope. Ask your Kodak dealer for a copy, or write to:

KODAK LIMITED, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C. 2



JEAN - MARIE FARINA *Eau de Cologne*

To know and to utilise the incomparable fragrance of JEAN MARIE FARINA Eau de Cologne is to associate oneself with those who are qualified to discriminate amongst the choicest of perfumery.

Jean Marie Farina was himself the creator of Eau de Cologne, and from the original formula, solely from French ingredients, Jean Marie Farina is now made exclusively by Roger & Gallet in Paris.

*Be sure that you ask distinctly for
Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne.*

Roger & Gallet
PARIS

From all high-class
parfumeurs, 1 oz.,
2/6; 2 oz., 4/3;
4 oz., 8/-; 8 oz.,
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Send 1/- P.O. to Roger
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W.1., for sample cas-
ket of Le Jade
specialities.

Chivers' New Season's Jams

BY APPOINTMENT



Chivers' Orchards surround Chivers' Factory, so that the fruit is preserved immediately it is picked. . . 'Tis all done in the pure air of the country, by most painstaking methods; and refined sugar is used. Messrs. Chivers take the finest fruit in all its richness fresh

FROM THE ORCHARD TO THE HOME.

Chivers & Sons, Ltd., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge.

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Have received instructions from the trustees to Dispose of the entire Contents of Three Town and Two Country Mansions; 121 complete rooms, the whole being of exceptional make and in perfect condition, including GENUINE ANTIQUES and WORKS OF ART, carpets, pictures, books, etc., being offered regardless of original cost. The whole of this fine Collection is displayed in our vast sale rooms and can be seen daily 9 till 7, including Thursdays and Saturdays. Any item may be had separately. Immediate delivery by motor-lorries or stored free 12 months, payment when required.

DINING ROOMS, RECEPTION ROOMS and LIBRARIES comprise choice examples of Adam, Chippendale, and Sheraton Styles. The dining and reception room sets range from a complete set from 16 guineas up to 2000 guineas. An exquisite complete DINING ROOM SET in finely-waxed Jacobean oak, including sideboard, centre table and chairs complete, 16 guineas; very handsome Sheraton-style complete set, 30 guineas, and a similar set, very elegant, of Chippendale style for £40; large bookcases from 10 guineas. A RARE OLD OAK DRESSER BEING OFFERED FOR £25, with a very unusual Charles II. style old trestle table, 14 guineas; 6 rare old chairs to go with remainder at £3 15s. each, old refectory table, 10 guineas.

BED-ROOMS and DRESSING-ROOMS include some unique specimens of antique FOUR-POST BEDS, TALLBOY and OTHER CHESTS, GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE, OLD BUFFET DRESSING TABLES in styles of Elizabethan, William and Mary, Queen Anne, etc., all to be sold quite regardless of original cost. Complete Bedroom Suites in solid oak, from 7 guineas. Choice solid, mahogany Bed-room Suites of Chippendale style offered at 23 guineas. Very elegant Queen Anne design Bed-room Suite in oyster shell walnut, 27 guineas up to 700 guineas.

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LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES and EASY CHAIRS of exceptionally fine make, most having loose down cushion seats and backs and covered in real leather, choice silk velvets, tapestries, and art linen, ranging in price from settees 3 guineas each up to 35 guineas, and easy chairs from 37s. 6d. each up to 20 guineas.

Examples of white statuary, marble and bronze groups and figures, oil-paintings by Old Masters, Andrea del Sarto, Bassano, Borgognone, and others.

PIANOFORTES by "Chappell," "Erard," "Ibach," "Broadwood," and other eminent makers, including COTTAGE PIANOFORTE FOR 10 GUINEAS and GRAND PIANOFORTE, 25 GUINEAS.

CARPETS, Persian, Turkey, Indian, and English Axminster, all offered at less than quarter the original cost. Complete CANTEENS, CONTAINING CUTLERY by Mappin and Webb and other eminent makers, from £4 17s. 6d.; Old Waterford and other cut glass, bed and table linen, clocks, etc., etc.

Catalogue post free (K) on application.

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Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.

Omnibuses Nos. 4, 19, 30 & 43 pass our doors.

Goods delivered to any part by our own Motor Lorries.



(By Royal Appointment to
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Wicker and Coach Built for
extreme comfort and durability.

Sectional Catalogue 3 K. illus-
trates the largest selection in
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ALL BATH CHAIRS AT THE
BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION ARE
CARTERS.

125, 127, 129, GREAT PORT-
LAND STREET, LONDON, W.1



THE "BADEN."



HAIL AND FAREWELL

I seem to remember that before I chose you finally, Old Shoes, the little carpet on which we were matched was strewn with other shoes which were your rivals. It is curious that while you have been so long in growing old you never seemed new, Old Shoes.

You seem to have been all your life in that good state of middle age which has neither the rawness of youth nor the complaints of age—always mellow, always mature, just showing through a high polish the becoming stains of hard experience.

My life has been your law, Old Shoes ; my holidays, no holiday for you ; and I declare that what was fun to me would many a time have been death to you if you had not been so brave of heart and sound of limb. And so at last it has come about that my walks abroad and even my manner of walking have shaped you until at this moment you are as native to me and as much my own as is the expression which I wear upon my face. You have fulfilled your destiny, Old Shoes. You are now a part of my past. Good-bye !

Lotus & Delta

SHOES OF STANDING

For Men and for Women

At prices from 21/-



Consult
Mme. B. Jacobson
and Ignore
Time.

This world-famous **BEAUTY SPECIALIST** with eighteen years' experience will prescribe an individual treatment for the "Eradication" of even the "Deepest Wrinkle," "Double Chin," "Sagging Muscles," "Warts," "Red Nose," "Red Veins," "Superfluous Hair," and every "Facial Blemish."

For clients who cannot call she recommends the **POMPADOUR FACIAL SUPPORT** (patented). By its use the most pronounced Double Chin and the deepest Wrinkle disappear. Complete with Lotion and Cream, it is sent post free for £1 1 0.

POMPADOUR BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

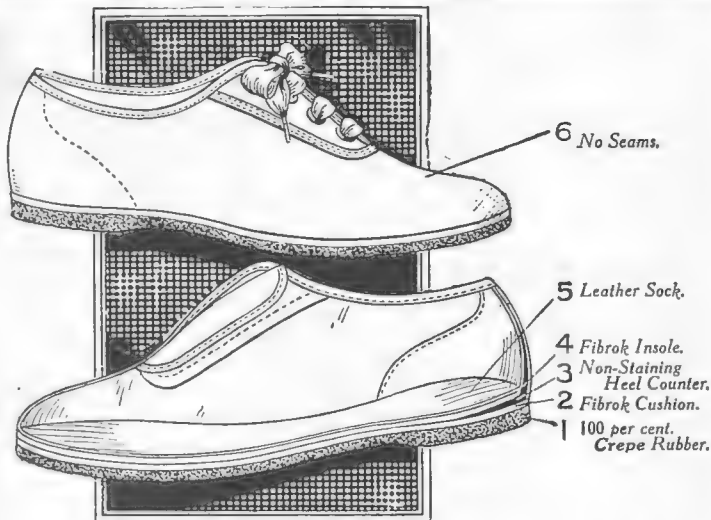
An assortment to the value of £1 of the following will be sent post free. **Crème Pompadour** (clears and beautifies the skin), 4/6, 8/6, 21/6. **Verdure** (protects the complexion from sun and wind), 5/6, 10/6. **Pompadour Skin Lotion**, 4/6, 8/6, 16/6. **Pompadour Complexion Powder** (for the imperceptible powdering of even the roughest skin). In four tints, 3/6, 6/6, 12/6.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR HOME TREATMENT.—In order that ladies who may find it inconvenient to attend for personal treatment may avail themselves of Mme. Jacobson's experience, a **Special Pompadour Beauty Mask** for Home Treatment has been prepared. Full and clear instructions are given which enable any lady successfully to apply the treatment herself. Price 3/6; by post 3/9. **Special Treatment Lessons** given at the Salons. Fee 10/6 each sitting.

An interesting booklet "Aids to Health and Beauty," will be sent post free on request.

Bertha Jacobson.

Maison de Beauté Pompadour, Ltd.,
11-12, Dover Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.
Telephone: Gerr. 2299.



Insist on having the

shoe which has been designed after two years' careful study to meet in every particular the needs and comforts of the keen tennis player on grass and hard courts. This result was made possible by the discovery and use of Fibrok, a new light and pliable material. The use of this material has enabled the designers to produce substance for substance the

lightest tennis shoe on the market with an unbreakable and stainless insole which can be worn with safety with the most delicate coloured hose.

Worn by leading players.

PENTAGON
LEN-GLEN
TENNIS SHOE

Ladies' 13/6 Gents' 14/6

Obtainable from High-class Shoe Retailers, Athletic Outfitters, Sports Stores, etc.

If your local stores do not stock, write: E. Penton & Son, 1-3, Mortimer St., W.1



The
Glow of
Perfect
Health



A DAILY GLASS of Lamplough's in water keeps the system vigorous, refreshed, giving a clear, healthy appearance to the skin. It entirely REMOVES HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, and SKIN ERUPTIONS, and is invaluable to those subject to change of climate and diet. Its portability makes it particularly useful to travellers and it should always be taken on holidays.

2/6 and 4/6 a Bottle, of all Chemists.

LAMPLOUGH'S
PYRETIC SALINE

Sole Agents: **HEPPELLS,**
164, Piccadilly, London, W.1 and at Brighton.



By Appointment.

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"DUVET"
EASY CHAIRS & SETTEES.

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EXHIBITION.
XV. CENTURY
HOUSE,
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Near Hong Kong
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Furnished by
HOWARD & SONS.



PARQUET
FLOORING.

DESIGNS
ON REQUEST.

MANUFACTURED BY
HOWARD & SONS, Ltd.,
25, 26, 27, Berners Street, W.1.
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Study of Miss Dorothy Dickson wearing Ciro Pearls.

When you buy Ciro Pearls you buy the only rivals of nature's pearls

They are made by pearl specialists, living in an atmosphere of pearls, steeped in the cult of pearls, and the originators of the only exact replicas of ocean pearls. With us pearls are no sideline, no mere article of merchandise handled without knowledge or sentiment and sold promiscuously by anybody. Ciro Pearls can only be obtained at our own establishments.

Ciro Pearls

(Pronounced "Seero")

If you cannot visit our showrooms and convince yourself that Ciro Pearls are indistinguishable from real ocean pearls, send us One Guinea and we will post in a registered packet a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp, in case. Keep them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference, return them to us and we will refund your money.

Our illustrated Pearl Booklet No. 5 post free on request.

Ciro Pearls Ltd

178 REGENT ST. LONDON W. 1. Dept 5
48 OLD BOND ST. LONDON W. 1
44 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON E.C. 2
25 CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL

WHEN YOU GO TO WEMBLEY VISIT THE EXHIBIT OF CIRO PEARLS IN THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY



WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

Perfect Tailoring in Schoolboy Outfits.

There is no severer critic of "cut" and tailoring than the average schoolboy, and Bernard Weatherill, the well-known tailor, of 55, Conduit Street, W., has fulfilled a long-felt want by making a speciality of everything for the public schoolboy, at prices competitive with good-quality "readymades." They are made to measure, and cut with the same care which characterises the men's suits, and in such a way that they can be enlarged considerably as the boy grows. Eton suits, such as the one pictured on this page, are obtainable for £3 10s. the jacket and vest, and 28s. the grey hairline trousers (fitting a boy of nine years); and the "plus fours" on the right, for a boy of fourteen, are £4 10s. Rugby suits, trench coats, and overcoats are made to measure at correspondingly moderate prices, and advice on all public school outfits is gladly given.



A perfectly tailored Eton suit, which must be placed to the credit of Bernard Weatherill, 55, Conduit Street, W.

En-Tout-Cas Courts.

Each year more and more en-tout-cas

tennis courts make their appearance all over the world, and practical experience has proved that they are ideal for all keen tennis-players. They are ready for play a few minutes after the heaviest shower, and the bounce of the ball can be relied upon to be always true. The laying down and completing of the courts can be entirely finished within four weeks. Application for a booklet giving full particulars should be made to the sole makers, the En-Tout-Cas Company, Syston, Leicester; or to their London offices at 169, Piccadilly, W.

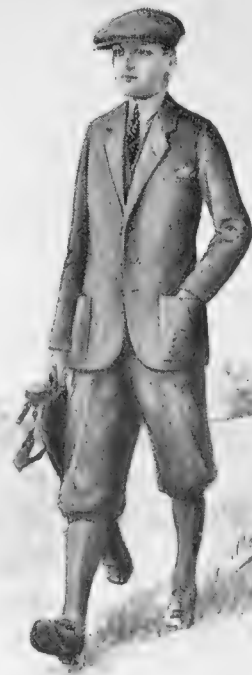
A Household Refrigerator.

The real test of efficient housekeeping lies in the summer catering, when the hot weather brings with it the danger of spoiling the food, turning the milk sour, and heating everything to an unpleasant, lukewarm temperature. The careful housewife can avoid all these annoying contingencies by investing in a Barnet refrigerating ice-safe. It is so constructed that a steady current of cold air circles continuously round the contents, enabling even milk and onions to be kept together without any adverse effects! It is designed also to consume the lowest possible amount of ice. Full particulars will be gladly given to all readers of this paper who apply to "Easi-work," Ltd., 403, Oxford Street, W.; and visitors to Wembley may inspect the Barnet Refrigerator Ice-Safe at Wembley, Stand 40, in the Canadian Pavilion.

Improvements in Continental Services.

The Southern Railway are making further improvements in their Continental services, commencing in July, the following being the principal features: (1) Daily from July 1, in connection with the 2 p.m. service from Victoria, a through carriage (first and second-class), Boulogne to Milan via Laon-Delle-Berne and

the Lotschberg route. (2) Daily from July 1, in connection with the 4 p.m. service from Victoria, Bernese Oberland Express, Calais to Interlaken, with first and second-class carriages, restaurant-car and sleeping-car; also a through carriage, first and second class, Calais to Kandersteg. (3) Every Friday from July 4, a special night service to Boulogne and Bâle by the direct Laon route, leaving Victoria at 8 p.m. Through carriages, first and second class, and restaurant-car Boulogne-Bâle. (4) Every Saturday from July 19 a special midday service, first, second, and third class, to Ostend and the Belgian Coast, leaving Victoria at 12 noon, via Dover. (5) Improved services via Newhaven and Dieppe to Normandy resorts, Paris, and other parts of the Continent; also via Southampton, every day to Havre, and tri-weekly (commencing July 2) to Cherbourg for Western Normandy, etc.; also to St. Malo for Brittany.

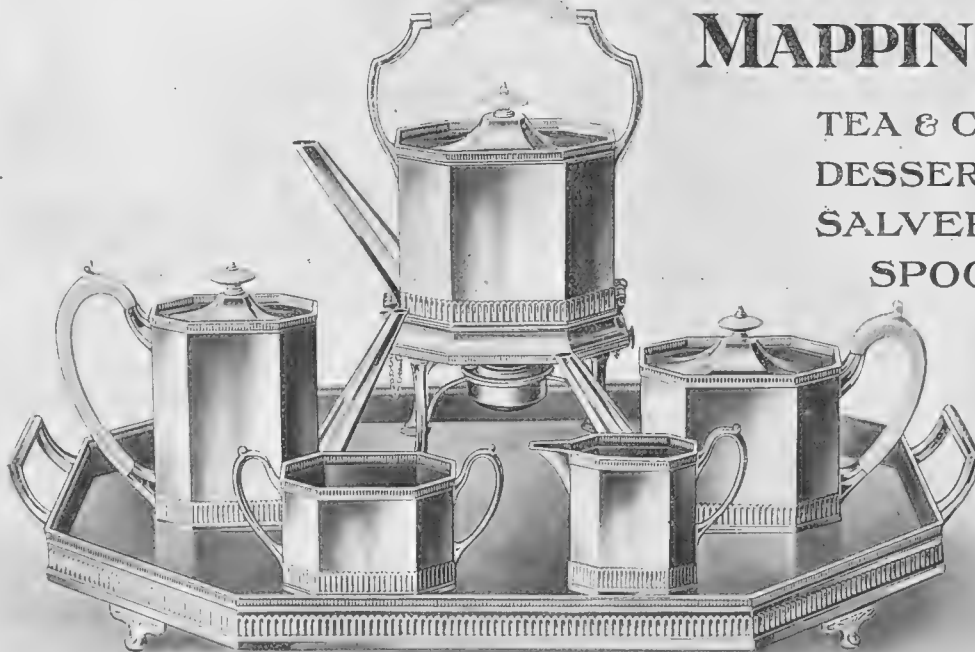


Every public schoolboy will delight in these well-cut "plus fours," which have been designed and carried out by Bernard Weatherill.



MAPPIN SILVERWARE

TEA & COFFEE SERVICES
DESSERT SERVICES ~
SALVERS, CABINETS of
SPOONS & FORKS, etc.



INSPECTION
CORDIALLY INVITED
CATALOGUES POST FREE

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London: 158-162, Oxford St. W.1. 2, Queen Victoria St. E.C.4. 172, Regent St. W.1. *Manufactory:- The Royal Works Sheffield.*



THE CONNAUGHT TUNNEL, CANADA, on the C.P. Railway, is one of the wonders of the Empire. Opened in 1916, it drives a perfectly straight passage for five miles through the heart of Mount Macdonald, saving no less than seven complete circles of curving track.

To the Outposts of Empire

AMONG the typically British institutions that have followed the Anglo-Saxon race to the farthest corners of our Empire—the cricket eleven, the Christmas pudding, and “five o’clock tea”—may be numbered the daily use of ENO’s “Fruit Salt.”

The every-morning ‘dash’ of ENO is a part of the life of the people. It has been “tested, tried, and thrice approved.”

In homes throughout the Empire it is keeping watch on the health that is the pride of our race.

It will keep watch on your health, maybe bring you to better health than you have ever known, if you pin your faith to it as others have done. Make a beginning to-day.

With ENO every particle dissolves—there is no gritty residue, no waste. Because ENO is safest and most dependable, it is in the long run the least expensive of health drinks. In point of sheer value it is without equal.

ENO'S TRADE “FRUIT SALT” MARK

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline



*Visitors to the British Empire Exhibition are cordially invited to call at the ENO Kiosk,
No. 1, King's Way West.*

IN THE LIFT.—[Continued from page 130.]

Though I must say you've talked a great deal of nonsense in it."

"You were wrong about the berries, you know."

"I suppose I was," said Phyllis. "Otherwise, of course, you would never have behaved as you have, would you, Mr. Moon?"

"Certainly not," I said.

"I don't agree with anything else you've said, Mr. Moon. You understand that?"

"Perfectly."

Mr. Smith's voice was heard—

"THE ELECTRICIAN SAYS HE CAN'T DO NOTHING."

Then there was silence. Then—

"HE SAYS TRY SHIFTING YOUR WEIGHT AGAIN, AND IF THAT DON'T DO IT HE'LL HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN AND BREAK THROUGH THE ROOF."

"Oh, dear," said Phyllis, with a faint scream, "and spoil the mistletoe!"

"RIGHT!" I returned, and I prepared to attack the buttons again.

"I've noticed one thing, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis.

"What's that?"

"There's one button you haven't pressed at all, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis gravely.

"Ah!" I said. "You noticed that, did you? Perhaps we'd better try it now."

"Perhaps we'd better."

Miraculously the lift descended—to the sound of cheers

"And why didn't you press that button yourself, Miss Fair?" I inquired curiously.

"I thought you knew better," said Phyllis, stepping from the lift. "Hullo, Gordon, I hope you've been behaving."

This interesting series by A. P. Herbert will be continued from week to week.

THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

The Exodus from Paris.

Not only has everyone left Paris except the Deputies (whom M. Herriot threatens to keep sitting until the London Conference is over), but those who are left are casting all their thoughts forward to the autumn, and are talking of nothing else but what is likely to happen at the *rentrée*, which means October. The real life of Paris is, in fact, suspended for three solid months, while the school children have their one holiday of the year. Moreover, this exodus affects far more social classes than the summer holiday in London. Many shops put up their shutters, with the words "Cloture Annuelle" as the fully sufficient explanation, and even my hairdresser starts next week for his country seat.

In Honour of the Prince of Wales.

Of course, there are a few people left in Paris after all, to whom are added heaps of foreign visitors. Such theatres as are still open are giving revivals for the special benefit of the stranger within the gates, and the Olympic Games, which are now in full swing, attract a large following of their own, although not nearly so large as the hotel-keepers and other speculators expected in the winter. Perhaps the last of the important social functions was the reception given by Lord and Lady Crewe at the British Embassy to meet the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry. Although the rain spoiled the elaborate arrangements which had been made for extending the entertainment to the garden, the whole thing was brilliantly successful. The house is certainly the finest Embassy in Paris,

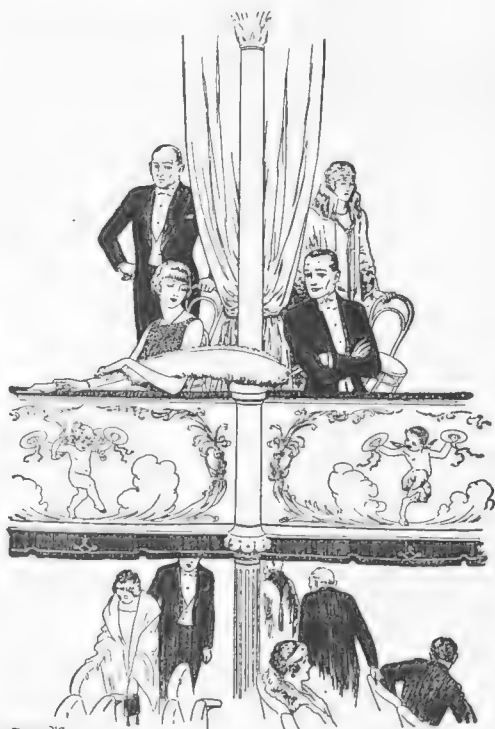
and has over and over again justified its purchase—together with its magnificent gold plate—by the great Duke of Wellington, who narrowly escaped being forced by the Treasury of the day to pay for it out of his own pocket. It was crowded on that night with all that was most distinguished in the French, British, and American society of Paris, for even the fact that it was Independence Day did not keep the Americans away. There were uniforms, cardinals' robes, resplendent decorations, beautiful dresses, and so many pearls that you might have been on the dancing floor of the Château de Madrid, or in the gambling rooms at Deauville. When Raquel Meller coquetted with her bunches of violets in her well-known manner, and withheld one from M. Herriot to offer it to the Prince of Wales, the laughter—in which M. Herriot heartily joined, as the phrase goes—crowned a really delightful manifestation of Anglo-French cordiality.

Avoiding the Fête Nationale—and Quarter Day.

Perhaps one reason why Parisians try to get away before the middle of July is that they want to avoid the Fête Nationale, and perhaps Quarter Day also. The all-night dancing in the streets, with band-stands—officially authorised—erected at every other cross-roads, is a sight certainly worth seeing by anyone who has not seen it before. The whole of working-class Paris lives in the street from July 14 to well into the morning of the 15th, and it genuinely and very innocently enjoys itself, without the hilarity being more than quite reasonably alcoholic. But the Parisian who knows all about it may be pardoned for desiring more peaceful surroundings. Besides, whether he

[Continued overleaf.]

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THE MADNESS OF LONDON

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

LONDON is the most wonderful city in the world—and but for the imbecility of its legislators could treble its prosperity in a decade.

The secret of success is attraction. London has every facility to become the gayest and most alluring of capitals, but since the war it has been ruled by a disgusting hypocrisy designed to ruin its charms.

London is the most heavily taxed metropolis of the world—and yet our fool legislators persist in thwarting the progress by which the iniquitous taxes they impose can be paid.

This is a material world, and, of necessity, we are all salesmen, whether we sell art, literature, trousers, amusements, or pearls for swine to bait loved ones.

London is the great market place of the world—and to increase its prosperity and pay its taxes it must attract the wealthy travellers of the world.

Why, then, does every boat, coming to England from America, when it stops at Cherbourg, shed, not half, but three-quarters of its wealthy passengers? Because the French are cute enough to make Paris attractive in order that the wealth may be spent there.

By our petty restrictions of personal liberty we drive visitors away from London. This seems perfectly mad, but perhaps it is our generous method of giving Paris reparations—for the lives or money we spent in France.

The life of London—the metropolis of the world—can be made infinitely more interesting than the tawdry and fetid "side-show" life of Paris—more entertaining and more cleanly. But directly night-clubs and cabarets are opened, the police are inspired to close them, whilst to order a brandy and soda, or a pint of champagne, after some absurd schoolboy-hour is made a serious crime!

Freed from the petty restrictions of narrow-minded nincompoops, London could easily outvie Paris. Gaiety is vice only to vicious janatics. Only fools and discredited politicians get drunk.

* * * * *

One thing Paris misses. It can't make men's clothes. The cut is ludicrous. Americans buy their clothes at Pope and Bradley's but wear them more often in Paris. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

An original and interesting booklet on men's fashions will be forwarded on application.

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He has known the same experience a thousand times and more. And still each time there comes a glint of joy to the maestro's eye when he sees that

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GRANDS, UPRIGHTS AND REPRODUCING PLAYER PIANOS

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Continued.]

has danced all night or not, the rent has got to be paid on the morning of the 15th. The *concierge* will come along with the receipt in her hand, and will expect the money for the *terme*, with something for herself as well. Moreover, she will expect it in solid cash—or as solid as there is in these days of paper money. None of your cheques, which are things which Frenchmen have never yet grown to understand. At one time they used confidently to take them from Englishmen, although the behaviour of some of the temporary gentlemen in the war cured them of that, but they have never adopted their use for themselves.

The Street Singers of Paris.

The street singers of Paris are among its most characteristic personalities. You will not find them on the principal boulevards, except at the more popular end of them; but in the side streets they abound. They generally work in groups of two or three, of whom one carries a guitar—for I need hardly say that I am not referring to the sort of street singer who mournfully wanders along the middle of the road, in the hope of chance coppers rewarding his dirge. That sort, in Paris at least, is rare. The real living of the Paris street singer is made from the sale of printed copies of the song, and even though you now have to pay a franc apiece for these, instead of a penny before the war, the trade

is still good. It must be, for the other night I saw a little troupe waiting in a rather aimless manner, when their programme was over. They were almost in

America's Turn Now.

France has found a new argument to persuade the United States to come to the aid of her finances. A book has just been published on the first Minister Plenipotentiary who was accredited by France to the newly established Republic. It was in 1778, and his name was Gérard. At that time the Americans had been printing paper money at such a rate that Washington wrote to a friend that a cartload of dollars would hardly purchase a cartload of food. The situation was saved, it appears, by France lending considerable sums to the American Government, and Gérard had much to do with arranging the loan. The general view is that it is now America's turn.

BOULEVARDIER.

Queen Anne, as we all know, is dead, but she came to life last week in the person of Lady Dorothy Mills, whose stories have so often appeared in "The Sketch," as she took the role of her late Majesty in Mrs. Ernie May's play in "Queen Anne's Orangery," which was given for one night only at King George's Hall, Great Russell Street, in aid of the Dumb Friends' League. Mrs. May, the author, herself appeared in the play, and those who took tickets for the entertainment included Lady Ridley, Prince and Princess Galitzine, and Lord and Lady Hawke. The play is a three-act one.



BONZO'S NOSE IS PUT OUT OF JOINT: MISS VIVIAN STUDDY PAYS TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO PUSSY.

Our photograph shows Miss Vivian Studdy, the little daughter of Mr. G. E. Studdy, the creator of the famous Bonzo, with a pussy cat, to which she is paying far too much attention to please our hero, the well-known Bonzo.—[Photograph by Mabel Robey.]

rag, but that was evidently part of the business, for suddenly a motor-car came up, they all got in, and were driven off.



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Whatever your age, if you are not satisfied with the appearance of your hair, consult Mons. Georges whose expert knowledge is at your service. If unable to call, send for new Catalogue de Luxe with details of "Times" system of payment by instalments

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It takes skill to be charming in Summer

THE SKILL of Elizabeth Arden's method, which nourishes a sunparched skin with soft creams, and smooths away the wrinkles of squinting before they are etched into permanence.

You must use Elizabeth Arden's preparations with particular care at this season, for the careless ways of summer may cause lasting harm to the tissues of the skin, which will result in coarseness, yellowness, or a dry flaky skin all through the coming winter season.

It is particularly important in summer—when the skin has been exposed to hot suns and drying and dusty winds—to cleanse it deeply and gently by means of Elizabeth Arden's Cleansing Cream and Skin Tonic. Then—because the summer sun has evaporated all the natural oils of the skin—you must nourish the face and neck by patting with Elizabeth Arden's Orange Skin Food, or (if your skin is delicate) with Velva Cream.

Finally, before exposing yourself to the intense light of this season, you must protect your skin. Elizabeth Arden's new Waterproof Cream preserves the skin's exquisite soft pearliness even while you swim in the sea, and prevents sunburn, redness, roughness and freckles. Venetian Lille Lotion gives the skin a fine soft bloom which lasts for hours, protecting the skin from exposure.

These Venetian Preparations form the basis of the correct care of your skin in summer. Several others are also described below. If you would like personal suggestions on the care of your skin, write to Elizabeth Arden for her booklet.

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM. Melts into the pores, dissolves and dislodges all impurities. Cleanses the skin without stretching. Use night and morning and always after exposure . . . 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC. Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Keeps the skin clear and radiant. Use with and after Cleansing Cream, particularly in summer, in preference to soap and water . . . 3/6, 8/6, 16/6

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD. The best deep tissue builder. Keeps the skin smooth and well groomed. Excellent to replace the natural oils of the skin, especially on a thin, lined, or ageing face . . . 4/6, 7/6, 12/6

VENETIAN VELVA CREAM. An exquisitely delicate skin food for sensitive or dry skins . . . 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

VENETIAN LILLE LOTION. Gives the skin a smooth silken bloom that does not rub off. Firms the skin, corrects a moist oily shine. Six shades . . . 6/6, 10/6

VENETIAN WATERPROOF CREAM. A wonderful new preparation. A waterproof finishing cream that gives the skin a well-groomed look even during swimming and sports. Prevents freckles, sunburn, and roughness. Excellent also for an evening make-up . . . 12/6

ELIZABETH ARDEN EXERCISES FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY. Created especially for women to develop poise, vitality, and a clear healthy skin. Three double-faced disc records. £2 2s. a set. (Send for booklet about Exercises.)

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K. 27.—Best quality Spun Silk Combinations, with or without Lace.

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G. 38.—16-Button Length French Suède, Dark Grey and Beaver shades.

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H. 25.—Ladies' Superior quality Mercerised Lisle Hose, embroidered Silk Clox. In Black, White, Beige, Beaver, Coating, Brown, Putty, Grey, etc. All sizes.

Sale Price **4/6½**

Another quality without Clox. All sizes. Fully fashioned, perfect fitting. Excellent wear.

Sale Price **4/6½**

In all new colours.

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NOVEL NOTES.

THE MERCIFUL DARKNESS. By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

An odd tale of the dead come to life. But, if mysterious in places, it is not at all mystical. The facts of this fiction were these. Mr. Gerald Cardonnel had the misfortune to be convicted of murder, but instead of the gallows he went to an asylum. Later he was found dead on a railway line. His wife, Moira, had meanwhile brought a rich man up to the scratch. Now re-enter Gerald, alive and well, but with no memory of previous events. Query: was the darkness merciful? Puzzle for Moira. She got out of it in a way as odd and improbable as the story itself.

WIND'S END. By HERBERT ASQUITH. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Crime and mystery; also a touch of the mystical here. The uncanny field called "Wind's End" was reputed a place where none could pass the night and live. But up comes the bold hero who will risk it. Found dead in the morning. Nor is this all. The Police Inspector in charge of the case shares a similar fate. The way is now clear for the inevitable amateur detective, who does not always require such a tragic excuse for his appearance in fiction. Mr. Asquith spins his yarn of crime skilfully and, better still, he knows how to write.

AND FIVE WERE FOOLISH. By DORN-FORD YATES. (Ward Lock; 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Dornford Yates captured the *inter-bellum* and the *post-bellum* flapper and knut as no other writer quite managed to do. He noddled their jerky slang and gave his stories an atmosphere of mildly risky sensuousness that always kept on the safe side of propriety. Thus he found a huge following for his tales of unexceptionable people—

quite the *Punch* lot, in fact, so well bred and "bright" are they. Here he attempts a deeper note, which is not quite his. However, he is still very agreeable in this collection of short stories. One of the best is of a mild matrimonial quarrel and its making-up. The most ambitious tells how Ann of the D. Y. world married the groom (shocking lapse!) and what horrid things would necessarily follow in Dornford Yates land. His true vein is the lightly charming.

WILD HORSES. By H. H. KNIBBS. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Fiction, quite naturally, is making a corner in cowboys at present, and the reason is not far to seek. Adventurous girls who have thrilled to the feats of the Stadium will understand why Johnny Trent's neat hand with the lasso and his power over wild horses should have done Cupid's business for an Eastern American beauty. She wasn't quite easy to win, for she had high notions not altogether of the wild and woolly West; but Johnny knew how to go about the business not only of horse-breaking, but girl-breaking. Nothing like the strong hand with women—in a story, and perhaps elsewhere also. But it pays best in fiction. Girls who wouldn't submit in real life will "eat" this story of the tyrant lover and his lariat.

MONSIEUR DESPERADO. By JOHN MELBURY. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)

A historical novel of a good old pattern. Richelieu may be a trifle overworked, but he is always welcome in a novel, and here he comes once more on the scene in his remote mystery and subtlety. Needless to say, the young hero is able to do his Eminence signal service at a crucial point in the fortunes of both. Plots, counterplots, and the merry old machinery of that gallant, brawling tavern life which the Musketeers have made immortal, keep a lively story

going. There is also (can you doubt it?) a mystery of the hero's birth; and what more would you have? If it's a stock company, they play well.

BARNEY. By S. H. B. HURST. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

Barney Hilliard, who came of good people, got into trouble through no fault of his own. Consequently he had to leave England for the wilds of America. He was a strong man, but had more than muscle, for Barney had brains, which he exercised in philosophy. He had no end of physical adventures, and a tense love-affair to boot, but still he found time for North American mysticism. He tried diligently to solve the riddle of existence, and this part of the story puts it far above a mere tale of hazardous exploits. Barney is an interesting and unusual character. His mental processes are as engrossing as his bodily prowess, and these give his history a depth and piquancy not generally associated with tales of wild happenings in outlandish places. A book for the thoughtful, and yet a rattling good yarn for those who seek a yarn and nothing more.

THROUGH HAWSE-PIPE TO CABIN DOOR. By LADY JENKINS. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

The old story of a ship's boy who works his way up by strict attention to business. He shipped first on a steamer, but he had the right traditional seaman's passion for sails, so he managed to "sign on" on a wind-jammer and went many voyages to places in the Far East and Australia, which the author evidently knows. Anyhow, she describes them well. The original bosun's boy sees life (some of it necessarily pretty rough), loves a girl as all good sailors should, and finally emerges with his master's ticket. Which is all as it should be, and quite entertaining.

OUR NEW £2,000 COMPETITION

You have but one week left in which to gain the wonderful prizes offered to you for the exercise of your artistic skill. We think it of interest to give you the list of what you may win—so here you are:—

LIST OF PRIZES.

First Prize - - £1,000

**2nd Prize.—TWO-SEATER 14/28 H.P. MORRIS-
OXFORD CAR, complete and ready for the road;
Value £300**

3rd Prize.—£144 Aeolian 'Pianola' Piano.

4th Prize.—£100.

5th Prize.—A Canteen of Community Plate; value £94 10s.

6th Prize.—The marvellous Ciné-Kodak and Kodoscope; value £80.

7th Prize.—Splendid Cliftophone; value £75.

8th Prize.—£50 in Cash.

9th Prize.—A Necklace of the Famous Tecla Artificial Pearls, with Platinum and Real Diamond Clasp; value £17.

10th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

11th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

12th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

13th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

14th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

15th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

16th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

17th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

18th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

19th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

N.B.—The third prize-winner will be given the option whether he will take the £100 in cash or the Pianola Piano, worth £144; in which case the fourth prize-winner will be awarded whichever is not selected. Similarly, the seventh prize-winner will be given the option of taking the £50 or the £75 Cliftophone—the eighth prize-winner taking whichever is not chosen.

We wish again to point out that this does not complete the list of prizes which it is hoped we shall give for this unparalleled trial of skill. Also we should like to impress upon you all the Simplicity of the present contest, as well as the fact that there is No Entrance Fee.

Above all, read the conditions on Pages 2 and 3 of the Cover, and remember there is no limit to the number of the solutions you may send in. All you have to do is to get your copies of *The Sketch*—as many as you please—put down your order of merit, sign the signature form, and send it all to us.

The Editor cannot enter into ANY correspondence with regard to this Competition.

N.B.—Do not fail to examine Pages 2 and 3 of the Cover of this Issue.

- 20th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.
- 21st Prize.—A Dressing Case, by Madame Helena Rubinstein, the noted Beauty Specialist (containing her beauty preparations.)
- 22nd Prize.—Ethovox Loud-Speaker for Wireless, by Burndept; value £5.
- 23rd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 24th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 25th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 26th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.
- 27th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 28th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.
- 29th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 30th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.
- 31st Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 32nd Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.
- 33rd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 34th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.
- 35th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 36th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.
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- 41st Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 42nd Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.
- 43rd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.
- 44th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.

ONE WEEK!

This is to remind you that there remains but one week in which to send in fresh entries to gain the valuable prizes offered to you for nothing except the exercise of common-sense.



If you have already sent in, there is nothing to prevent your continuing to do so; but, if you have not done so, we are not to blame for your losing such a unique opportunity.

Nearly all of you put your little bit on at the Derby, at Ascot, or at other race meetings; also most of you enter into a club sweep upon these races.

But here you have a better chance of winning a huge sum, because the gaining of the "Sketch" prizes is not a matter of pure chance. There is the element of your choice, which makes the competition so interesting.

LITTLE MISS SKETCH HOLDS
PART OF WHAT WE OFFER YOU
AT NO EXPENSE TO YOURSELF!
MERE TRIFLES OF £1,000 AND £100.

N.B.—You are not limited as to the number of entries which you may care to send in, because all you have to do is to buy a copy of "The Sketch," fill in 12 numbers in the space allotted, sign your name and send it along to us. We will do the rest.

BUT REMEMBER NOT TO LEAVE IT TILL TOO LATE.
YOU HAVE ONLY ONE MORE WEEK.

This is a nice
little Car,
Worth £300.



It is a 14/28 MORRIS-
OXFORD CAR,
complete and ready for
the road, and is the
SECOND PRIZE.

Do not fail to look at Pages 2 and 3 of Cover and to read the Notice on Page xxiv, where you will find the full list of the prizes, worth some £2,000.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LVII.

MR. L. J. Walker kindly sends me the following, which touches on a couple of points referred to in these notes lately.

"DEAR Sir,—Regarding take-outs at bridge. Here are three hands held by me lately which may interest you. Score, love-all in each case.

"No. 1—A, one no-trump; Y, two hearts; B and Z, 'No'; A, two no-trumps; Y, 'No.' B held—

"SPADES—x, x, x, x, x, x.

HEARTS—x, x.

CLUBS—x, x.

DIAMONDS—K, 10, x.

and bid three spades. All passed.

"Result—game. No-trumps would have been as good, A being very strong.

"No. 2—A, one no-trump; Y, 'No.' B held—

"SPADES—x.

HEARTS—K, Kn, x, x.

CLUBS—x.

DIAMONDS—K, Kn, 10, x, x, x, x.

and passed; so did Z.

"Result—game, thanks to the heart entry. It was also a game hand at diamonds.

"No. 3—A, one no-trump; Y, 'No.' B held—

"SPADES—10, x, x, x, x.

HEARTS—A, Kn, x, x.

CLUBS—A, Q, x, x.

DIAMONDS—None.

and passed; likewise Z.

"Result—two by cards. YZ ran off five diamonds, but spades would have produced an easy game.

"I'll be very glad if you'll kindly give your opinion on the bidding of these hands, but do not be influenced by the fact that Nos. 1 and 2 would have played as

well in the other bids mentioned, and that No. 3 was a game hand at spades . . ."

I will deal with this part of the letter straight here; but first let me say that the warning not to be influenced by what actually happened is quite unnecessary—perhaps a little unkind. I never judge by results, which must be fatal to all bridge play.

Well, I think B's calling in all three cases was wrong. In No. 1, I should uphold him if he had bid two spades on the first round. This, by the way, is not an example of a take-out; Y did that when he called two hearts. But why B waited for his partner to bid two no-trumps before he bid his spade at all, I fail to understand. (Is it a slip, L. J. W.?—and that you did bid two spades on round one? You certainly should have, if only to boost the adverse heart. But the hand is never worth three spades, no matter how the bidding went.) As a take-out proposition pure and simple—that is, assuming there had not been an intervening call—it is a moot point. I would not take-out in it myself—it is too weak—but I know that most players would.

No. 2. Here is a certain take-out. The only thing to stop it is that nonsensical notion of not taking-out into a minor. With two singletons, and seven good-looking diamonds—why, surely—still, I won't labour the point again. I would myself have bid three diamonds here had my partner gone back to his no-trumps; and I should have expected to go game.

No. 3. Here is a real good *strong* take-out. (Always take-out in strength, my friend. Once more and again let it be said: "A hand can never be too strong not to take-out, but it can easily be too weak.") Two spades should be bid—not, mark you, because they happen to be *spades*, but because there are five of them, and you want the longest suit

to be trumps, in case you are forced in your blouse suit. I know that many players will not take-out on this sort of holding: they say, "As I have everything else, I suppose you must have the diamonds." That is fool-talk. If the diamonds are over the way, they will make anyhow; if not, it's as well to stop them with trumps.

I am sorry, L. J. W., to have to disapprove of your bidding, but there it is: my opinion, for what it's worth. With the other part of your letter, however, I am entirely of your way of thinking. It is: "Keeping accounts. It seems that a good many players often vary the money they play for, and in such cases the amount on the right or wrong side at the end of a year is by no means a sound test of a player's ability. Personally, I am inclined to think that a better plan is to count the points won or lost per average rubber, provided it is possible to determine what each grade of player should win or lose per rubber. And, of course, the question arises: how many rubbers are necessary to allow the average to work properly? I've not played an excessive amount of bridge this year, but, speaking from memory, I've averaged to win roughly seventy-five points per rubber played. It is difficult to say, however, whether this is good, satisfactory, or only fair.

"I hope you will refer to this subject again shortly.

"Yours, etc.—."

If this means that the balance to the good on all play is seventy-five points per rubber, I should say it is extremely satisfactory. It is indeed good—very good. I suppose the average rubber is about 300 points; a win of 75 points then shows a 25 per cent. pull over the others, which is far in excess of what the good player's advantage is reckoned to be.



(Established 1770.)

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of Toilet Soaps."

Yardley's
Old English
Lavender Soap

HAS, since 1770, charmed the world of taste and fashion, with its delicious fragrance.

Exquisitely pure, its soft caressing lather refines the texture of the skin and imparts a fresh daintiness to the complexion.

It is just one of those little luxuries of the toilet which mean so much to the refined taste.

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A POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

A FORTHCOMING wedding of great interest will be Lady Ursula Grosvenor's marriage to Mr. Filmer-Sankey, which promises to be a very picturesque ceremony. I hear that presents are being showered upon the young couple, and include a very valuable race-horse, which Lady Ursula has received from Mr. Filmer-Sankey's uncle in Ireland. The bridesmaids are to be Lady Mary Grosvenor (sister of the bride-elect), Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, and the two daughters of Lady Arthur Grosvenor; and Mrs. Cotton's children are to act as train-bearers. There will be great rejoicings on the Duke's estate, for it is Lady Ursula's wish that all the children are to have parties with wedding cake, and every child will get a present; while her beloved Scottish servants are to come down for the wedding, and the pipers will play at the reception at Grosvenor House after the ceremony, which will take place at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens.

In spite of the heat, the Wigmore Hall was packed the other night for the recital of that divinest of pianists, Mr. Arthur Rubinstein, and the audience was not at all like that at most concerts, in that the smart element prevailed. Well in front was Mrs. Asquith, with "Puffin," she wearing a mauve evening dress, and, by a clever trick of hairdressing, managing to convey a shingled effect without her hair being cut. Sir George and Lady Lewis were also present, as were Lady Irene Curzon, and Lady Michelham, the latter sitting next to Mr. Clive Bell. Besides which I noticed several members of the *haute finance* in the 5s. 9d. seats. No doubt there is a thrill in saving a few shillings when you have a very adequate income! And, of course, there were a large number of young men with horn-rimmed glasses, whom one always puts down, vaguely,



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROSE DAY IN PARIS: ROSE-SELLERS OUTSIDE THE SALON OF MESSRS. BOURJOIS.

Queen Alexandra's Rose Day was a tremendous success in Paris, and, as our photograph shows, the sellers in the French capital wore the white dresses and rose-trimmed hats always seen on the day. The famous French perfumery firm of Bourjois, 26, Place Vendôme, generously offered their salon as the headquarters of the Fund in Paris—a suggestion which was accepted by H.M. Queen Alexandra's Rose Day Committee. The roses were not sold in the streets in the French capital this year, but in various hotels, etc., and a splendid trade was done in Messrs. Bourjois's salons.

as being "intellectual," for no better reason than because they do not look athletic!

Mr. Rubinstein was in great form, and his programme was a most interesting one, the most sensational item on it being a piano arrangement of "Petrouchka," which can hardly be described as a pianistic work; but so great is Mr. Rubinstein's skill that he nearly always contrived to make us forget all about the lack of an orchestra, which was a great feat of technique in itself. The manner in which he managed to convey the crowd movement was stupendous; in fact, his whole performance of the work was a great musical event.

A friend writes me from Aix. "The full season is with us, and Aix-les-Bains is crowded with visitors. The ranks of the British and American guests, who have been with us since May, have lately been swelled by a fashionable crowd from Paris, who never put in an appearance here until the Grand Prix is a thing of the past. Their coming has added a further note of gaiety to the town, which is at its best just now, thronged with charmingly attired women and well-groomed men; and one has the impression of living in a continuous garden party.

"One of the principal thoroughfares now bears the name of Avenue Lord Revelstoke—a token of the town's gratitude to a generous benefactor. Lord Revelstoke is a frequent visitor here, and has given as much as 500,000 francs, at one time and another, towards local charities. He lately had the Cross of Commander of the Legion of Honour conferred upon him by the President of the French Republic. Some years ago he was made a citizen of Aix-les-Bains. Lord Revelstoke is expected here shortly on his annual visit, and will occupy his usual apartments at the Regina Hotel Bernascon.

"We are now living in a round of gaiety which is practically endless." MARIEGOLD.

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A STILTON TRAGEDY.

The joys of the holiday week-end were marred by a sad fatality on the Great North Road, a Barnet woman being killed.

You were not hurt?—No, I think it marvellous that I was not hurt.

There was glass from the wind screen?—Yes. She (the deceased) got the unlucky blow.

She was cut about?—Yes, by the glass from the wind screen.

Do you think it penetrated to the brain?—I quite think it would.

There were other injuries on the side of the head?—Yes, sir.

Cuts from the glass?—Yes, sir.

The coroner said it was a sad accident.

Extract from "Peterborough Standard" April 25, 1924.

MAN'S HEAD SEVERED FROM BODY IN SMASH.

The impact was so great that the taxicab was thrown across the road and into a wall. When picked up, Bennett's head was found to have been severed from his body by the broken windscreen.

Extract from "Thompson's Weekly News," June 14, 1924.



No. 247

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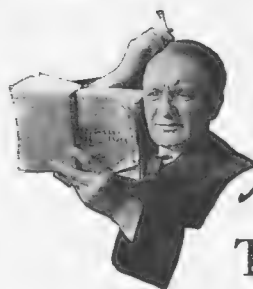
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AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

"THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE."

(RELEASED JULY 14.)

SIR Arthur Pinero's latter-day fable, written though it was for the stage by one who is an absolute master of stage-craft, has come into its own on the screen. Somehow or other, "The Enchanted Cottage" was a little indefinite in its appeal across the footlights. For all its delicacy and charm, the story did not move us as it should have done, for, at the great moment, illusion was the dominant note, and on the stage that illusion carried too little conviction. That is where the art of the cinema steps in—that is why "The Enchanted Cottage" never loses its grip on the screen. It is from first to last an infinitely tender, human, and poignant page from the book of simple lives.

It concerns—as many will remember—one Oliver Bashforth and his plain little bride. Oliver is one of the war's physical derelicts, a nerve-shattered wreck. The efforts of a resolutely cheerful family, more particularly of an open-air sister, to restore his equilibrium only succeed in tipping the balance to deeper depths of despair. To escape them, Oliver marries the outwardly unattractive Laura, who seems cut out for one of those "born old maids" who rouse pity rather than love. As the twain face each other on their wedding night, their physical imperfections rise up to sunder them from happier bridal couples of the past. But in the enchanted cottage love lends them truer vision; they appear to each other—and to us—in all the radiance of youth and charm.

So sure are they of each other's beauty that the family's failure to note the transformation comes to Oliver and Laura as a tragic awakening. It needs the philosophy of a blinded soldier to teach them that their own dream, and not what the world "thinks it sees," is the thing that matters.

The story unfolds in masterly simplicity, in lovely settings, entirely free of fake or of the spectacular. There is no false note to disturb its atmosphere; nothing meretricious to hide its underlying truth. It is beautifully acted by Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy, who rise to great heights in revealing these two human souls in their great misery and their final conquest. Barthelmess—surely one of the finest and most sensitive film-actors of the world—merges himself more completely than ever in a character that needs most delicate handling. It is all so terribly true, so tragically simple, yet never hopeless. On the contrary, "The Enchanted Cottage" sends out a message of courage and comfort that all who run may read. I have nothing but praise for this fine First National film and for the work of its director, John S. Robertson.

"CAMEO KIRBY."

(A FOX FILM; RELEASED JULY 21.)

Adapted from the stage play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, "Cameo Kirby" is something fresh in the way of romantic melodrama, for not only are its costumes—of the crinoline-and-whisker period—quaint and picturesque, but the first and, as I found it, most interesting part of the action takes place on board one of the old three-decker steamboats that plied the Mississippi River in bygone days. Carrying

as they did many a rich sugar-grower and wealthy landowner, the old paddle-boats' leisurely progress offered a happy hunting-ground to gamblers and card-sharps of all sorts. Fortunes were lost and won on the journey between New Orleans and the landing-stages of stately Southern homes, whose returning owners had often been thoroughly fleeced. "Cameo" Kirby, handsome and reckless, was one of the most notorious gamblers of the Mississippi, but he played a straight game. Thus, having observed his sworn enemy, Colonel Moreau, engaged in the congenial task of swindling a wealthy planter, Kirby coolly joined the game. He meant to win—and did. He also meant to restore his winnings to the planter; but the latter, deeming himself a ruined man, defeated the gambler's good intentions by committing suicide. Here is a fine dramatic situation, capped by a bullet in Kirby's back from the gun of the rascally Moreau. Our hero silenced for a time, Moreau poses as the avenger of the planter's death, ingratiates himself with the dead man's family, and fastens all the blame on to Kirby. So when the latter recovers, reappears, and falls in love with the planter's daughter, we have the train laid for all sorts of pretty complications: a duel, misunderstanding, sighs and heartburnings. Though much of all this is cut to regulation pattern, there is skill in the development of the story. Apart from the earlier interest of the river traffic, the glamour of the "South" pervades the film and gives it a charm of its own. It is excellently produced, and supplies John Gilbert with a rôle in which his romantic personality and sense of drama find full scope. He is undoubtedly at his best as the gallant "Cameo" Kirby.



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FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"IN twenty years, or possibly less, there will be no small men left in the Stock Exchange," declared The Broker. "It's lamentable, but everything drifts in the direction of the big firms getting all the business. We others shall have to go." The Jobber sobbed with uncontrollable emotion.

"Can't—I—be—big—ever?" he gulped, between heavy sniffs.

"It's all very well for you to laugh," The Broker persisted, "but mark my words, and see if they don't come true. This is the day of limiting business within a few hands, and the Stock Exchange has to get on with it just the same as everyone else."

"That's no doubt correct," said The Merchant. "At the same time, personality will always count, and I, for one, would rather come to you, because I like you, than go to some big firm in which I know nobody."

"That cuts both ways," The Jobber, having recovered from his tears, was able to observe. "Brokie's trouble is not so much that you go to him because you like him, as that the great mass of your fellow-investors may never have the chance of discovering his winning ways."

"Well, I don't know," and The Merchant spoke as though he did know, all the same, "but it seems to me that men—and women, too—will go to their own favourites for particular things. You may be able to get all you want at Barker's or Harrod's; yet you go to Burberry's for macs, Nicoll's for clothes—"

"My wife insists upon buying frocks at Gorrings, and blouses at Walpole's. I tell her—"

"And mine swears by Debenham and Freebody for coats and skirts, and Jay's for jumpers. Quaint people, women, aren't they?"

"So easily led," regretted The Engineer. "Nothing would satisfy my eldest daughter but a couple of scarves from Woolland's; and, after she'd been there, she must go on to Gooch's. Oh, my hat—and hers," he added.

"That didn't run you into as much as a motoring-coat from Dickins and Jones's, such as I've just got a receipt for. How do we poor live!"

"Trust a woman to go where she knows there's value for money, all the same. Feminine finance—"

"Mayn't we change the subject?" asked The Broker plaintively. "This Compartment isn't the place for a parade of mannequins."

"Oh, Brokie!" and The Jobber stopped short, a rapt expression in his limpid eyes.

"Do you think," he started again, "we could persuade the Managers to have a parade of fashion in the Stock Exchange? Think what a rush of new members there would be. Colossal entrance-fees and subscriptions. Fat dividend cheques. And a Ribbon Counter!"

"Where business would be cut to rags," replied The Broker grimly. "No, thanks: we have enough competition as it is."

"It would be safe to buy Courtaulds then."

"Which it is not safe to do now. The juice is out of the melon, and the shares stand high enough."

"You might say the same of British Celanese Ordinary; but the price doesn't go down."

"The shares aren't worth the money, nevertheless. Any more than Mexican Eagles are."

"What I should like to know very much is how the Hungarian scrip will be standing, say, a year hence."

"That's a nutty one," The Jobber commented. "Seems to me that everything depends upon the chapter of European accidents. Austria has managed to get along better than most of us expected. So may Hungary."

"Yes; it's rather a toss-up; if you go for 8½ per cent. on your money, you expect to take risks. But it isn't the stuff for clergymen and widows."

"No," answered The Broker. "They go for American oil-plots, and almost certain death to their money. That's the pity of it. Give them plenty of large type, red ink, pretty pictures, and unlimited gush, and away goes their cash."

"People can't afford to take 4½ or 5 per cent. on their money. Living's too dear; so are taxis, stalls, punts, dinners, polo, and all the elegant fripperies of life."

"Then let them buy decent stocks like those of the Argentine Railways. Or some of the best-class Tea shares. Or Nitrates, provided they keep to good companies."

"You don't bar speculation, Sir. Tea and Nitrate shares carry a certain degree of risk, surely."

"If you're out for high yields to cover costs of extravagances, you will have to take speculative chances. Only stick to reasonable risks; that's what I say. There's no need to gamble in oil-plots."

"This way to our Bargain Department," cried The Jobber, getting up to go. "Marvellous attractions! Unparalleled sacrifices! For man and woman alike."

"The woman always pays," quoted The Broker. "With the man's money, of course."

Friday, July 11, 1924.

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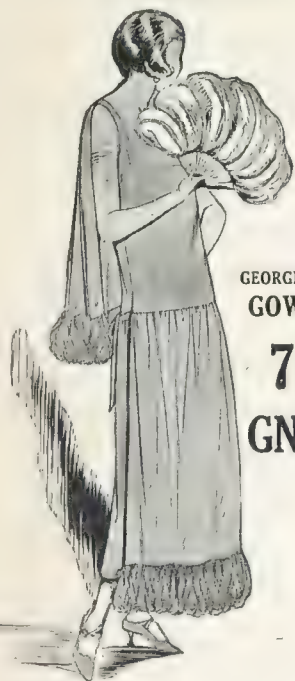
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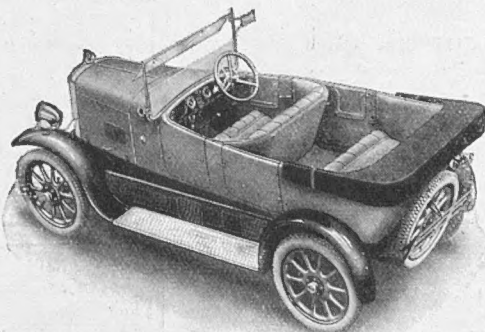
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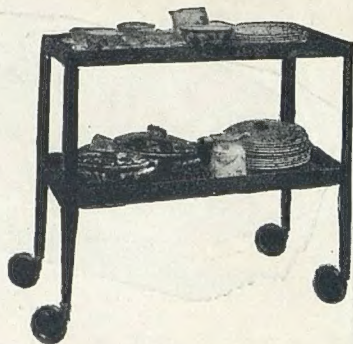
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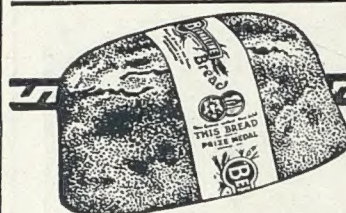
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